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FIFTY YEARS OF PSYCHICAL RESEARCH

SIR OLIVER LODGE

With a note by S. T. introducing the article as the first in a series entitled "A Modern's Search in Science"

Many people do not yet realize that psychical research is an exact science. The average person confounds it with spiritualism, and will doubtless ask why we should open a scientific series with this article.

One answer is that the investigation conducted by the group of scientists and intellectuals known as the Society for Psychical Research, is as exact, thorough, and scrupulously accurate as that of any other branch of scientific inquiry. No intelligent person can afford to snap his fingers at the careful findings of such men as Sir William Crookes, Sir William Barrett, Lord Rayleigh, Frederic Myers and Alfred Russel Wallace; or to scorn a society that has had among its presidents such world-respected savants as William James, Henri Bergson, Dr. C. G. Jung and Dr. William McDougall. As usual, where scorn exists, it exists through ignorance, and through confusing this comparatively new and little known branch of science with the quite unscientific activities of the spiritualists.

In the second article of our series "A Modern in Search of Truth," we called attention to the entire difference between the two. Spiritualism is a belief in intercourse with departed spirits, and a spiritualist is a person definitely committed to such belief and who endeavors to engage in such intercourse. The Society for Psychical Research, on the other hand, was founded "for the purpose of making an organized and systematic attempt to investigate various sorts of debatable phenomena—for the observation, recording, and careful scrutiny of the facts, no matter to what conclusion they might lead." Among the phenomena thus investigated and reported by the Society, have been thought-transference, clairvoyance, apparitions, alleged spirit communication, automatic writing, trance-speaking, materialization—in short, "every obscure human faculty."

This is a tremendous undertaking. People in the habit of jeering at such investigation are proving nothing, unless it be egotism and lack of information. Instead of being cham-

pions of science, they are actually obstructing a branch of science engaged in extremely important effort on their behalf. I hope that this present article—written by one of the greatest of psychic (and physical) scientists—may win many hitherto misunderstanding or partly informed people, to a permanent respect and gratitude for what the Psychical Research group of men and women are trying to do for us.

Two things that the article reveals in connection with Sir Oliver himself, have interested me very much. One is his own original scorn and skepticism—"like all young physicists"; and his gradual conversion, through "the carefulness of their methods, the industry with which they collected and scrutinized testimony, as well as their learning and scholarship and enthusiasm." The other, the fact that his personal convictions concerning survival and spirit communication began not with the death of his son Raymond in 1917 (as is often disparagingly urged), but as long ago as 1889, when he and Lady Lodge investigated the phenomena connected with the famous Mrs. Piper; and that these convictions grew throughout the many exhaustive experiments pursued under the scrupulous conditions imposed by the Society. I think that this lends much more force and impressiveness to all of Lodge's present-day statements. He was president of the Psychical Research Society in 1903, and one of the leaders in its activities, long before his personal bereavement.

He has also been president of the British Association (1913-14), president of the Physical Society of London, he is an F.R.S., a Doctor of

Science from London University, and holds honorary degrees from Oxford and Cambridge and a long list of other universities. He had a brilliant teaching career, and was principal of the University of Birmingham from 1900-1919, when he retired. Besides his books on psychic matters, he is the author of "Elementary Mechanics," "Modern Views of Electricity," "Signalling without Wires," "Life and Matter," "Man and the Universe," "Electrons" and "The Ether of Space." He was knighted in 1902, for his distinguished scientific services.

There has, undoubtedly, been a tendency to believe with Dr. Vernon Kellogg, that "Sir Oliver is a careful and honored operator in the domain of science, but careless and credulous and easily fooled when he deals with psychic matters." I wish to add my personal testimony to Edward Martin's vigorous rejoinder (in "Harpers" for November, 1928): "No one who knows anything about Sir Oliver needs to be told that he brings the same mind and care to his spiritistic inquiries as he does to the researches in physics which have won him so great a reputation."

I hope his report will be read with an open and thoughtful mind. Psychical research has been called "the coming science," and may one day occupy as large a place in our life as its once equally derided cousin, psychology. Professor Lowes Dickinson said of it to his Harvard students, "I am asking you to take seriously a branch of scientific inquiry which may have results more important than any other that is being pursued in our time."

S. T.

FIFTY YEARS OF PSYCHICAL RESEARCH

THE phenomena sometimes called spiritistic and sometimes by other names, often uncomplimentary, go back to time immemorial. They are to be found throughout the Old Testament, and they are incorporated in the superstitions of most savage tribes: in other words they are as old as humanity. Every one is familiar with legends of what are called occult happenings, some of them of a mental kind, others of an apparently visible or even tangible variety, including unexplained movements of inert objects and apparitions. There was in fact a whole body of testimony of an undisciplined and sporadic kind, making a number of weird assertions which testified to the presence of something unexplained, usually associated with people in either an abnormal state or endowed with unusual faculties. And sometimes eminent philosophers thought it worth while to study these assertions, putting them on record, and seeing whether anything coherent and satisfactory could be extracted from them. Plato was acquainted with them, so was Virgil, Swedenborg testified to direct personal experience of some of them, Kant wrote a small book on the subject, Hegel kept a place open for what has been called clairvoyance or cryptæsthesia in his idealistic system of philosophy, and a great naturalist like Alfred Russel Wallace risked his reputation by asserting that he himself had witnessed exceedingly strange phenomena.

But the assertions were so ex-

traordinary, and some of the testimony was so individual and unconfirmed, that it attracted very little attention on the part of scientific men; even when responsibly testified to, the phenomena seemed to lie outside the main body of organized knowledge; so that, although people had an uneasy feeling that something was there, something which needed not only confirmation but examination, no serious attempt was made to reduce the occurrences to law and order, to ascertain what it was that was really happening, and to seek for a possible explanation. The phenomena lay in a No Man's Land not incorporated with any of the recognized systems of scientific inquiry, a region which seemed to touch upon the hopes and fears of mankind, and was surrounded by an atmosphere of superstition and credulity, so that those who entered it did so at their peril. The great natural philosopher Faraday poured scorn upon the whole thing, except in so far as any of the facts were testified to by revealed religion, whereby they were associated with a faith immune from the ordinary methods of scientific exploration.

Then came the era of William Crookes, at that time a young man who had made a great name for himself in orthodox chemical and physical research, and who prided himself on having an open mind to phenomena of all kinds, so that he felt himself qualified to encounter even the most extraordinary of the asserted phenomena. He put his first-hand observations on record

and published them, in the hope that he could interest his scientific colleagues in a new realm of inquiry, and bring it out of chaos into a cosmic region of ordered fact. He found however that his testimony, though it did not lack novelty and definiteness, was so out of accord with ordinary experience, and so subversive of what seemed fixed and immutable principles, that in spite of his other discoveries and known competence as an investigator, he met only with ridicule and opposition. On the whole he conspicuously failed to gain the ear of his colleagues—some of whom accused him of little better than insanity whenever he wandered from the recognized domain of science.

Toward the end of his life Crookes recognized that not to him was to be given the privilege of awakening his scientific brethren to the facts he had encountered; and he gave up the attempt. He had inevitably suffered in reputation, but his other work was so meritorious that he attained the Presidency of the Royal Society and the Order of Merit notwithstanding. His family and biographer have thought it politic to minimize his work in the psychical direction; but those (if any) who say or imply that he recanted, are suggesting what is unfair to his memory and is simply not true. He remained convinced of the main facts, and enthusiastically sure of survival through a period of bereavement and final illness; while as to the unexplained phenomena which he and his wife had encountered and described, he often spoke of "the intense feeling of genuineness and reality which

they caused in our minds." And (in "Light," December 9, 1916) he expressed himself finally thus:

"Responding to your invitation, I have no objection to re-affirm my position on the subject of what are known as psychical phenomena, and to state once more, as I stated in my presidential address to the British Association in 1898, that in regard to the investigations first entered upon by me more than forty years ago, I adhere to my published statements and have nothing to retract. That I have not hitherto considered it necessary to commit myself to any generalization upon the facts to which I have drawn attention, does not in any way invalidate my testimony regarding the facts themselves. In my opinion they substantiate the claims which have been made for them by several of my colleagues and friends in the Society for Psychical Research, viz.: that they point to the existence of another order of human life continuous with this, and demonstrate the possibility, in certain circumstances, of communications between this world and the next.

WILLIAM CROOKES

November 28, 1916."

Another physicist, Sir William Barrett, then approached the subject from another angle, discarding or not attending to the more sensational physical phenomena, and concentrating his attention on verifying or refuting Reichenbach's magnetic assertions. These he found largely illusory, and so was led to a study of hallucinations and to the mental side of the subject generally. He was an experimental physicist, lacking the equipment of a trained psycholo-

gist; but he was a good experimenter, and came to the conclusion that he had discovered that thought could be transmitted from one person to another, in some cases, without the use of ordinary means of transmission, and without the employment of the receptive organs of sense such as sight and hearing. He believed in fact that he had discovered thought-transference; and, just as Crookes had done with much more incredible phenomena, he tried to interest his colleagues in this apparently innocent branch of the subject. In this again he failed; his testimony was rejected by the scientific world.

He did however succeed in interesting a certain group of cultivated literary men living in Cambridge, who, though not professed scientists, were acquainted with the methods of scientific research and respectfully interested in them, and who felt that it was unworthy of the stage to which human knowledge had attained that all these assertions should be turned down without examination. They had sufficient faith in the coherence, and so-to-speak common sense, of the cosmos to feel sure that there was not only something substantial underlying all these statements, but that by critical scrutiny, conscientious candor, and scrupulous care, the facts themselves could be dissected out from the vague tradition in which they were enveloped, that they could be rescued from the tangled swamp of ignorance and superstition, and raised into a region of rational study. To name only the leaders of this group, they were—Edmund Gurney, Frederic Myers, and that profoundly respected scholar and man of letters Henry Sidgwick,

aided and abetted as he was by his eminent wife, sister of Lord Balfour, and coöperator with Lord Rayleigh in some of his precise quantitative investigations. Stimulated by Barrett, and undeterred by the general hostility of scientific bodies, this group determined to enter upon a serious course of psychical research, and ultimately they founded a special Society for the observation, recording, and careful scrutiny, of the facts, no matter to what conclusion they might lead.

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It is now exactly fifty years ago since I myself began to get into contact with this group through the accident of my being a Lecturer in Physics and Mechanics at University College, London, some of my lectures being attended by Edmund Gurney for purposes connected with his detailed technical study of the principles of music. Through him, in the '70's of last century, I was introduced to Myers, and ultimately to Sidgwick: and though at first, like all young physicists, I was inclined to look with surprise, not unmingled with contempt, at their patient investigation of phantasmal appearances and other legendary occurrences, I gradually became impressed with the carefulness of their methods, with the industry with which they collected and scrutinized testimony, as well as with their learning and scholarship and enthusiasm.

Soon afterward—as a sequel to meetings of the Cambridge group in the rooms of Oscar Browning and elsewhere—the Society for Psychical Research was founded, its object being the investigation of every kind of obscure human faculty. I was not

an original member, but I must have attended some of the early meetings of the Society in London soon after its foundation; though by that time, the early '80's, I had left London and become the first Professor of Physics in what is now the University of Liverpool.

The branch of the subject to which the attention of the Society was at first mainly and successfully directed was the testing and verification of the genuineness of instances of thought-transference or telepathy. The fact of telepathy has to be established, like any other fact, by direct experiment, provided one can find a sensitive percipient. Such a person, isolated and screened from all sensory perception, will yet become aware of an object or idea presented to the mind of another person, who has to be regarded as a transmitting agent. Usually the agent and percipient in any simple experiment are in the same room, but that is not necessary. When the power is strong they may be separated by a distance, they may be in different countries; but still if there is an emotional or mental link between them, what happens to one may be known to the other. This has been tested again and again. How it happens, what the process is, we do not know. My own earliest experiments in the subject, of a simple easily verified kind, are recorded in the "Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research" Vol. II. More striking experiences are recorded in subsequent volumes, and a few of them in my book "Survival of Man."

In the light of the discovery of thought-transference, or what Myers

called "telepathy," apparitions or visual impressions of distant people at or near the point of death or danger, which had been testified to all over the world, and of which most families have some legend, began to assume a comparatively simple aspect. The working hypothesis on which the Founders of the Society proceeded, was that these temporary appearances are really mental impressions, or what they called hallucinations, having no more physical reality than an image in a looking-glass. They might be regarded as the result of a mental turmoil in the unconscious mind of an endangered or dying person, sufficiently strong to produce an effect on the mind of a distant sensitive who happened to be in a receptive mood, and whose mind was thus stimulated to construct or interpret the impression as if it were a visual or auditory image; thus apparently seeing a figure or hearing a voice, not because of stimulus received through the sense-organs, but through some mental or non-physical disturbance of the brain centers—the same brain centers as ordinarily received nerve-messages from such organs. For it is a well known fact that the mind interprets a disturbance in brain centers in accordance with their normal method of stimulation. Thus a pathological disturbance of the auditory centers would be interpreted as sound, and of the optical centers as vision. Every one is familiar with a humming in the ears which has no external physical cause; and a blow on the eye is interpreted as a flash of light. On the principle therefore that all known causes should be utilized before we are forced to fly to un-

known causes for an explanation, an apparition was provisionally explained as due to misinterpretation of a purely mental stimulus, and was considered to be a phantasm of the living rather than an apparition of the dead. Two large volumes of well authenticated cases of this kind were published under the title "Phantasms of the Living"; and, collected in a single volume, they are still extant.

That this view of the matter covers the whole of the ground, or that this explanation is wholly satisfactory, I do not now think. There are cases which we must classify as phantasms of the dead; and the idea of telepathy has to be stretched so as to include these. However the verification of telepathy, or super-sensual perceptive power, gradually led us to the assumption—the very considerable assumption—that mental activity is not wholly and solely an affair of the body, that is of the brain; and thus it became possible that mental activity need not cease when the body and ordinary mechanism were discarded. In other words the facts began to point in the direction of survival. That however is a step which was not taken at first, and is probably not taken by all investigators even now. Moreover it was always admitted that telepathy is not a complete explanation, but itself requires to be explained; and that explanation is still uncertain.

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Strictly speaking, no scientific explanation is ultimate. We try to bring a new phenomenon into association with that with which we have already become familiar. But being familiar with a thing does not mean

that we understand it. If we explain the crash of a tree by a lightning stroke, it does not mean that we understand all about electricity. If we explain vision as the result of ripples in the ether, there is room for any amount of difference of opinion as to what those ripples really are. Newton explained the movements of the planets by the action of solar gravitation; and the explanation is so complete in every detail that it has secured universal acceptance; but the nature of gravitation itself is still an unsolved problem, and in recent times Einstein has shown that there are other methods of expressing the facts. Thus further advances do not make the original explanation false; they only demonstrate its incompleteness. A working hypothesis is very different from a complete theory; but it is with the aid of working hypotheses that we proceed in science; biologists are able to carry on their extraordinarily fruitful researches into the phenomena of life without being under the illusion that they know what life itself really is.

Thus in the study of what are now called supernormal phenomena (a term which signifies that they would be natural enough if we could get the clue), we must not be deterred from their study by uncertainty as to their real nature. It is something to have gained a working hypothesis or thread on which to string the facts together; and we must be content to wait for a fully elaborated theory until the time is ripe.

Meanwhile a study of unusual mental phenomena of various kinds, including the reception of intelligence when in a state of trance, and other forms of lucidity, when the

bodily screen becomes as it were transparent and allows information to come from some mental region by other than the ordinary channels of sense, has developed greatly during the half century which has elapsed since the early days of the Society, and has had important consequences. For it has led most of the investigators, and certainly it has led me, to realize on a basis of actual fact, that death is not the end of mental activity, that the mind can function apart from bodily organs, that memory is not limited to the brain, and in fact that individual personality and character survive the loss of the body; and further that people who are what we properly call "dead," can under certain conditions, and with the aid of organisms not their own, demonstrate the survival of their memory, intelligence, and affection—of all that corresponds with personal identity. The grounds for this clear and definite persuasion have grown in cogency during my lifetime until I have no doubt at all. The evidence has been experienced by thousands of people, and some of the facts are recorded in innumerable books, though occasionally the most crucial evidence is suppressed as too private and sacred to be publicly recorded during the prevalence of theological and scientific incredulity, which sometimes amounts to scorn.

My preliminary conversion to the idea that survival and intercommunication were possible, dates from the winter of 1889, when Mrs. Piper of Boston, whose powers had been forcefully testified to by Professor William James, was invited to this country for special study. At my

very first sitting with her, in Mr. Myers's house at Cambridge, England, striking messages were received of a highly appropriate kind from deceased relatives utterly unknown to the medium. This one occasion gave me much food for thought: and thereafter—though herself quite incredulous—my wife invited her to our home in Liverpool, so that I might devote the whole of the Christmas vacation to the study—which I did, introducing strangers one at a time, and getting admirable results, as recorded in the "Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research" Vol. VI, partly reproduced in my book "Survival of Man." This series was only the beginning; confirmatory evidence subsequently arrived or was attained through many channels. I gradually got to perceive that conversation with the departed was no strange uncanny phenomenon, but as simple and straightforward—given the requisite conditions—as any ordinary family conversation might be when conducted through a telephone or other less understood form of instrument. I tell the world, whether it listens or not, that that is so. There is no mistake. Personal identity is not lost. Memory and character continue. Communication is possible. This is not faith, it is the result of demonstration. My latest book on the subject, "Why I Believe in Personal Immortality," only carries the matter further.

Theoretical Views

To me and to other psychical investigators the problem of the interaction of mind and matter has now changed its character. The problem

is not how we can be supposed to think without brains, but how we are supposed to think with them. That the brain and nerve system is used as an intermediary, (1) to collect impressions, and (2) to act on our muscles, is well known, and no one denies it. Thereby we translate mental impression into physical fact, and by this mechanism we can leave a record of our thoughts in writing, or throw the air into the kind of vibrations that can be interpreted as speech. The fact that the brain-nerve-muscle system is so used is certain, and a great deal is known about the details of the process; but mental activity is still obscure, and the first step from mind to brain is the crux. I venture to say that the brain does not think or conceive ideas, it only transmits or transmutes them into a physical form which another mind can interpret. Hence telepathy, or the direct action of mind on mind without an intermediate system of nerves and muscles, is really simpler, and may be the means of communication hereafter.

Every fact in nature is of importance, and if substantiated may have untold consequences. The discovery of telepathy seems to be of obvious importance, for it emphasizes the possible dislocation or separate existence of mind and body. If two minds can interact or transmit and receive impressions without the use of the bodily organs, it renders plausible the idea that they may continue so to act when the organs are destroyed; and it thus removes or negatives one of the most urgent arguments so frequently adduced against human survival. The mind dominates and utilizes the body.

The brain is a transmissive vehicle, not an originator of thought: it no more originates thought than a piano composes music. Mind dominates matter, not vice versa. This, which was taught by Virgil in the sixth book of the "*Æneid*," was upheld by that great American psychologist William James, in his famous Ingersoll Lecture at Harvard University in the year 1898, on general philosophical grounds. The advent of psychical research has only been to strengthen and consolidate his position.

The fact of telepathy has been established by very simple experiments which can be conducted by any one when he finds a suitable receptive medium or percipient; though if he is not accustomed to experimenting he might make a mess of it. It is certain that the ordinary familiar experiences do not exhaust the powers of humanity. Even animals possess faculties which we do not understand: we attribute the homing impulse or other striking behavior to "instinct," but that does not explain it. Similarly psychic investigation has demonstrated the existence of a number of human faculties occasionally in operation, beyond the normal and familiar ones. The object of psychical research is to study and verify these, and gradually to make them intelligible. The early volumes of the "*Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research*" are full of carefully conducted experiments in trance-lucidity, my own among them. And from that as a beginning I have been led to realize how much wider and more extensive human powers are than we used to think—the surprising achievements of genius being

among them. Once it is realized that an assemblage of material particles, however complex, cannot explain vital and mental and spiritual phenomena, the door is opened into another world outside our ordinary sensory apprehension; and there, beyond these earthly and temporary limitations, we shall find our spiritual home.

Psychophysical Phenomena

The mental phenomena hitherto chiefly spoken of are not by any means the whole of the facts that have been examined. There are supernormal physical and physiological facts which need examination, and for the study of them also we need a working hypothesis. It is found that under special and unusual conditions objects can be moved without apparent contact (this is called telekinesis); temporary formations can be seen or handled, sometimes leaving a record of their presence (this is called materialization); and that an intelligence, either subconscious or else not belonging to those present, is associated with and acts as a responsive guide or control of all these phenomena. On the significance of this part of the subject I speak with less authority, for I have not the honor of being a physiologist or a biologist. I am however acquainted with the work of those continental investigators who are so qualified, and I have actually seen enough in these directions to make me appreciate their results. Psychophysical phenomena are less suitable for study by the general public than the other more purely mental impressions which every one can more or less share: and

for the present they are best left to specialists. But it may perhaps turn out that the stronghold of scientific orthodoxy will be stormed and captured on this side, rather than on the more purely mental side, because the facts asserted concern things which can be seen and handled, though truly under difficulties. Photographs can be taken, and other records made. Hence it may be that these puzzling and at first sight weird and almost unpleasant phenomena are more nearly in harmony with the materialistic trend of scientific inquiry, and may attract attention where others fail.

A working hypothesis for the phenomena of telekinesis and materialization has emerged during the last fifty years, namely the hypothesis that organized protoplasmic material of a previously unsuspected kind can under certain conditions extrude itself from the mucous membrane of the body, retaining its animation as if still connected with the organism, and can perform at a distance simple feats, such as the movement of inert objects—movements which are ordinarily accomplished, in much the same sort of way, through the customary agency of the limbs. There are said to be certain people who in a state of trance can move objects a few feet away when their limbs are under complete control, and when they have no other known kind of instrument for such a purpose. This may seem incredible, but it will hardly be claimed that the ordinary connection between mind and body is thoroughly understood, or that we fully understand how, in accordance with will and intention, a limb is moved normally: such transmission

from the psychical to the physical we have merely grown accustomed to. What we have not grown accustomed to is the performance of similar actions, without the direct use of muscle and tendon, through another kind of bodily material; a substance which, being of a protoplasmic nature but outside the body, is called "ectoplasm."



The working hypothesis that has been forced upon investigators is that ectoplasm is a reality, that it is like other kinds of animated material in being able to produce visible and tangible effects in the material world, and that by its aid bodies not normally touched can be lifted and carried about. Also, strange to say, it can be shown that this substance can take on a structural form—a kind of temporary incarnation or embodiment in matter of some formative principle—analogue to bodily forms already familiar. It may be that this is done somewhat after the same fashion as an animal is able to dispose of food; the particles being as it were manipulated by the unconscious organism, and given a shape and consistency appropriate to the part of the body where they are deposited. In any organism there is a molding or plastic power which determines that certain particles shall go to form muscle, or nail or hair or feathers, or even a complicated organ like the eye or the ear, without much regard to the nature of the pabulum which is being thus dealt with. Similarly, though rather incredibly, it is responsibly asserted by investigators that ectoplasmic material can form itself, or be similarly formed, into structures

resembling hands and faces. Indeed it is even asserted that under exceptional and favorable conditions a whole body, or a greater part of it, can be thus temporarily constructed and intelligibly operated. Such an assertion requires very strong evidence, and many details are lacking; but there are not lacking analogies to it in ordinary nature. The body of protoplasmic material included in an eggshell, for instance, is extruded from a hen, and then, under very simple conditions, can mold itself or be molded by its animating principle into a complete organism, with bones, muscle, claws, beak and eye, which shall in due time emerge and behave intelligently. Another analogy can be cited from insect-metamorphosis, where the larval form disappears in the chrysalis, to be reconstructed and emerge as the completed insect. These miracles we have grown accustomed to, and therefore are not surprised at them, though we should find it difficult to give a complete account of the whole process. The behavior of ectoplasmic material in the neighborhood of an entranced person we have not grown accustomed to, and therefore regard it with suspicion mingled with aversion. But it may be that through this strange and unusual manifestation or modification of a known faculty, we shall by further study gain some inkling of the processes involved in normal cases, and that biological theory will be thereby advanced.

For it has often happened in science that the exceptional and the unusual contain features and suggestions that under ordinary circumstances have been overlooked or

neglected, partly because of the inattentive way in which we are likely to regard normal and customary operations. Humanity was surrounded by electricity during the whole period of its existence, but, having no electric or magnetic sense organ, the only manifestation which it attended to was the thunderstorm; and it was liable to regard that merely with fear and apprehension. Only within the last century did patient research harness electrical energy and bring it within daily use. So also humanity has been illuminated by flashes of genius; it has experienced apparitions and other legendary occurrences which it more than half disbelieved. Even now at certain times the ether is full of rational energy which with a suitable receptive instrument can be interpreted as speech or music, but which otherwise wholly eludes our senses. So it may be—nay I know that so it is—with a multitude of realities which are hidden from our eyes. The religious and spiritual world has been felt to be a region of awe, rather than of understanding, and only now are a few patient explorers seeking to investigate something of its nature by mundane but reasonable

and should-be legitimate methods. Thereby they are able to assure us of its reality, as demonstrated by ascertained fact; they certify that our natural bodies are only materialized instruments through which we operate here and now; they have ascertained that these same bodies can be used to demonstrate powers that we did not know we possessed; and so gradually they have learned that, beyond the body and everything connected with it, our own self, the essential part of us, is no evanescent material illusion—a simulacrum stalking between two eternities—but has a real and permanent existence. We are Spirits here and now, and Spirit dominates matter. Truly we are living in times which Tennyson foresaw when he wrote,

“The Ghost in Man, the Ghost that
once was Man,
But cannot wholly free itself from
Man,
Are calling to each other thro’ a
dawn
Stranger than earth has ever seen;
the veil
Is rending, and the Voices of the day
Are heard across the Voices of the
dark.”

IN NINETEEN SEVENTY-NINE

The American Woman—A Prophecy

JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON

WILL there be women's clubs fifty years from this year in which I write—1929? Who can doubt it? Fifty years ago—in 1879—they were just beginning, these friendly associations of women, and their purpose was almost always the same: they were educational. They were what we call "culture clubs" to-day. It is the fashion just now to laugh at them, but as a matter of fact, they were the most practical beginning that the most practical sex in the world could have made. They want independence (I wish I could see the faces of the women of 1979, as they hear this—they will have forgotten long ago that there was ever a day when women hadn't independence!) and instinct taught them that education was the first step toward independence. Every clever, ambitious woman, one hundred years ago, longed for an education equal to her brother's, and what she envied in 1828 she began to get in 1878 when Smith College, from which I graduated in 1898, began with Vassar to offer girls the same education that Yale and Harvard were giving the boys.

What did they do in women's clubs, fifty years ago? I have just heard an amusing example of what they did, from my sister, who was

recently elected president of the Hartford Woman's Friday Club, one of the oldest of these organizations. In a serious paper on the scientific progress of the day, the Hartford ladies of 1878 gravely decided that electricity, though an interesting experiment, was too uncertain and dangerous to be put to any practical use!

A generation to which telephones and bathtubs were luxuries, which had never ridden in an automobile, to say nothing of an airplane, nor seen a moving picture, nor heard a radio concert, must be pardoned for its incredulity. But don't think for a moment that they had no imagination in those days. They had plenty, but they used it differently. My grandmother, if any one had told her that her granddaughter could take her choice of going below in a submarine or sailing above in an airplane, would have answered, "Don't be foolish!" She simply couldn't believe it. But she knew whether I was going down, down to Hell or up, up to Heaven, and when and how and why. Oh, yes, she knew all about that! She could believe anything in that line, with perfect ease.

Now I, when my first grandchild tells me, as she probably will, that she expects to visit Mars or Venus

some day, won't say, "Don't be foolish!" I shall say, "Really, how interesting! Send me a wireless, won't you?" Because I've seen the automobile and the X-ray and the airplane and the radio and the television born and developed and commercialized. You can't stagger me. But when anybody of my mother's generation begins to tell me what will happen when (and if!) I get to Heaven, then my believing apparatus ceases to function.

"Is that so?" I answer coldly. "Well . . . I don't know. . . . It doesn't sound very practical to me!"

You see, I've watched the wings of an airplane work, but the pictures of angels don't convince me—the angels are too heavy for their spread. Now my grandmother couldn't swallow an electric piano-player, but she knew all about her Heavenly harp, and though she shook her head at the idea of a horseless carriage, she could draw you a picture any day of the chariot of fire that carried Elijah up to Heaven!

This explains why prophecy in 1929 is bound to be different from prophecy in 1879. We don't look into our hearts or read old books or go into trances, to prophesy, nowadays. We observe what is being done, and push the idea further. In the case of science, this is a little dull: you simply say, "More electricity! More radium! More atoms!" You can't go wrong.

But I'm not dealing with science to-day—I'm dealing with women. And from the days of the first man who tried to prophesy about her, woman has baffled all the experimental scientists, from Adam down.

And you will observe that not

only has she baffled them: she has got into trouble with all of them! She got into trouble with her landlord, who turned her out of the Garden of Eden—and she has been getting into hot water with landlords ever since. She got into trouble with her husband, who ate the dessert she offered him, and then scolded her for serving it—which he has continued to do, ever since. She got into trouble with her children, who were not entirely a credit to her, as it turned out—and this too has happened with distressing frequency since then.

But there are two sides to every question. The young woman of yesterday might have stated her case as follows: "You call me illogical and changeable, gentlemen—for Heaven's sake, how can I help it? My first orders about my clothes were to wear none; when I grew a little modest and made the first dress, I was punished for it. Now, as soon as I shorten the skirt and lower the bodice, you thunder at me. In the old days I was forbidden apples: now you all agree I don't eat enough of them. I used to be told that if I spared the rod, I spoiled the child: now I understand that if Cain happened to kill Abel, he was merely expressing his individuality, and shouldn't be checked, anyway! There's no use trying to find out what you really want, so I think I'll try to find out what I want, myself!"

And with this idea clearly in mind, she has gone on, so steadily, so successfully, so increasingly, that it really makes one wonder if any one, fifty years from now, can seriously call hers the illogical sex!

For see what she has done. Fifty

years ago she went out for education—intellectual freedom—and got it. As soon as she got it, she ceased to confine herself to school-teaching (her only job, before she had much education!) and went out for any job she could get—economic freedom—and won it. While engaged in this, she observed that as she had an average citizen's education and an average citizen's wages, she might as well have an average citizen's ballot—political freedom—and she secured it.

Each of these victories has been won as soon as she perceived that the one before has made the next a logical necessity. Each has cost a hard fight, with the prophets of each generation squawking gloomily from the side lines that now, at last, true womanhood had fallen, never to rise again. Rivers of ink have stained miles of paper to prove that the learned woman, the business woman and the voting woman, in turn, had dealt the final blow to feminine health, feminine charm and feminine success. And so far from the truth were these foreboding seers that it has remained for this immediate decade to find the women so healthy, so charming and so successful as a sex that the gloomy prophets of today are horrified (as usual) over the great and worrying menace of an uncontrollable problem called sex appeal!

Now I am not going to be one of those prophets. I have seen how ridiculous the others have been proved to be. I have seen woman make and hold her place in the intellectual, the commercial and the political world; and if she can win her way to a reasonable equality

there, and adapt the standards of these three, so that they suit her, I should be a fool, and a blind fool, if I did not believe that she can win her fourth and last fight—for social freedom—and make a workable relation between herself, her man and her child.

Our daughters are in precisely the same relation to this problem that we and our mothers have been to the other three problems; and as none of the terrible results that were prophesied for my mother and me has occurred, I am willing to bet on my daughters. Education didn't affect my health: I am younger and stronger than my mother was at my age. Professional success didn't prevent my marriage: I have been a sound New England housekeeper for a quarter of a century. Political enfranchisement has not unsexed me, and so I don't believe that any readjustment of the social standards and conventions the present generation may find necessary will make poor citizens out of them. Each time that women have insisted on having something to say about the conditions under which they lived, a great deal of dust and dirt and scandal has accompanied the process. They have invariably been accused of undermining society, and have invariably turned out to have done no such thing, but quite the contrary.



And so I feel safe in foreseeing, before the next fifty years, an adjustment between the woman, her man, her child and her job. She may do this by marrying early, rearing her children, and tackling her job later in life, as many women have done. She may do it by combining

job and children early in life, helped by kitchenettes, day nurseries, shorter working hours and higher pay, as many are doing to-day. She may have all job and no children, as she has surely a right to do, if she prefers this; or no job and all children, which some women will always prefer.

That she will fly to her job in a plane we cannot well doubt, but we shall be foolish if we assume that she will therefore wear an aviator's costume, because the motor veils and goggles and enveloping coats of my girlhood have long lain on the dust heap, and I have seen women in evening dresses and women in bathing suits driving cars with equal ease.

Nor do I believe that the streets will be grass-grown, as some one suggested to me as the one certain prophecy. I remember too well that increased service on the elevated roads left the street cars and buses fuller, that subways saw the elevated roads still crowded, that motors, doubled and redoubled again, saw the subway still jammed. No, the most the airplanes can do is to ease the traffic a little, and spread the accidents over a wider surface.

But that they will sail over a brighter, gayer city, who can doubt? Where there are half a dozen gilded domes and colored towers to-day, surely there will be hundreds to-morrow! And what is lost in the dark cañons of the streets will surely be made up by the gardens and playgrounds of the roofs. As the inhabitants learn to fly safely, they will realize that they have neglected too long that vast acreage of roofs, and our narrow little island will blossom

out a real city of the sky to our flying business girl.

Who would be so demented as to pretend to foresee her costume? The cropped head that meant an intellectual frump in my mother's day, has stood for the height of fashion in the cream of society's cream, and is now, while I write, being draped with hastily purchased coils and puffs and softened with "old-fashioned" curls! The short tube of cloth known as a "chemise frock" is lengthening, floating out into scarf-like draperies and flirting with my grandmother's crinoline and my mother's bustle. We, who seemed definitely headed for trousers, or at least, knee breeches, are gazing spell-bound at the medieval picture-books and trying on Gainsborough hats. No, no, the uniform of the old-style socialist's dream was only a male nightmare: it is quite clear that men always liked us to change, or we should never have taken the trouble.

And her religion? Surely it is safe to assume that she will continue to grow less and less interested in what she may do when this life is ended, and more and more concerned with what she can accomplish while she is living it!

And what will she be accomplishing? I can't see how there can be a shadow of doubt about this, I honestly can't.

She will be adding, constantly and effectively, to the opportunities for health, comfort, independence, leisure, education and happiness of all women, and through them, of their children. She has been working for it for a hundred years, and since she won her third victory—political free-

dom—she has never had a second's hesitation as to the way to get it. Then, for the first time, she learned the one lesson that has separated her forever—and it is the only thing that has ever separated her—from the women of past ages: solidarity and coöperation.

Up to my own generation, virtually, the American woman was an individualist. The increasing number of club-houses for women, purely social, professional, business and collegiate, would prove, if there were no other proof in the world, that thousands of women can pull together. It proves for this generation and the large cities of America what other generations in other cities will undoubtedly accept as the merest commonplace: that the comfort and freedom and convenience which one person alone can rarely afford may be enjoyed by the coöperation of many. Such buildings, the pioneers of this type of housing, show how the self-supporting woman who lives alone, whether from choice or necessity, whether temporarily or experimentally or consistently, can live independently and comfortably, in surroundings of her own choice, under regulations of her own devising. And the women who first believed in the practical possibilities of such groups and worked hard to win others to their way of thinking, represent a great group of women who stretch out their hands to each other in an endless, growing chain across the centuries.

About twenty-five years ago this type of woman began to feel that her own inheritance of comfort and leisure and freedom was at once a duty and an opportunity to extend that

comfort and leisure and freedom to other women as far as she could. During the last few years, such women have come to feel that the older forms of service, through hospital, library, school foundation or work among the poor, touches their constructive interest less than the comradely task of helpful coöperation with their country's newest type—the self-supporting business and professional woman, to whom they feel themselves most drawn, in whom they see their own possibilities.

We are watching at this moment the complete transformation of the ideals of an entire sex. The American man, who has worked for years so that his women may live in leisure, is staring, amazed, at the picture of his women using their leisure to go to work!

My grandmother knew of no work beyond her house and family. My mother saw no reason for working unless she was obliged to. Of some women of my own generation the others still say, rather consciously, "She doesn't have to work, you know—she prefers to!" But my daughters and their friends are as breathlessly eager to a paying job as the immigrants who landed at Castle Island in my grandmother's day!

The American man, long after he has stopped working to support himself, keeps on working to support his self-respect. Critics of our modern girls sometimes fail to notice that when they adopted their brothers' cropped heads and cigarettes, in this last decade, they adopted another of his habits—the habit of work. We must give them a generation to spend in getting used to this. My daughter

is not working to earn her living—she is working to earn her life.

But what will my granddaughter be working for? The right to a "job" will be an old story to her. Yesterday, as soon as everybody had a bathtub and an automobile and a radio set, he worked a little harder, so that to-day he has six bathtubs and two automobiles—and another radio set! Will my granddaughter think of nothing more original than to carry three times as many jobs as her mother carried?

I cannot believe this. Even now some of us are asking, "after prosperity—what?" Even now we are sadly realizing that the good of an automobile depends largely upon where you go in it and what you do after you get there, and that sanitary plumbing may be the means of American life, but can hardly be expected to represent the end of it. If we can see this, we, who still sit in the shadow of that great war which shook so many social foundations and shattered so many naïve ideals,

surely our grandchildren will see it even clearer and refuse to keep working so that more and more people may jump prosperously from a bathtub to an automobile—and then jump back again!

Surely they will understand that just as our fathers cleared away the timber and worked for a mere foothold in this new country, so that we might be physically safe, we have tried to use the leisure they earned for us so that ignorance and poverty and ugliness could be cleared away and that on a basis of decent comfort for everybody, great art and wide literature and high science could flourish and find citizens worthy of them. We have standardized the automobiles so that our children could have leisure to individualize their souls. And as they use that leisure, so shall the culture and spirituality of America finally be rated. They will have more powerful tools than we had; I firmly believe that they will carve out a greater America!

SOFT FOR THE GOOSE

She Was Illogical but She Was Happy

EDNA YOST

I HOPE this is not going to be construed as a slur against Scotchmen. It so happens that Duncan MacTavish is undeniably Scotch, and I am going to let him stand for what he is. But that he is typical of his race is by no means implied.

Duncan and Rita MacTavish were born, reared and will doubtless die in Connecticut. When they married (it was in 1910, I think—possibly 1909) Duncan was thirty and Rita eighteen—just. He was a young publisher then, with offices in New York, not yet very successful, at least financially. They lived simply, and very, very naturally. When Rita was twenty-five she had four fine children, she adored Duncan and trusted in God. "Mac" was a bit more worldly, however, and less trusting. There were no more children and their house became a center, particularly for Eastmore's summer colony. Rita was a blond whose productiveness, they tell me, had brought her beauty to its full development almost before its time; but she was not the kind to fade early and droop away. She was, rather, that genuinely innocent type whose lack of worldliness prevents the overripeness which hastens decay.

Eastmore, as you know, is an

ideal home town for a New York publisher, with more writers and artists to the square yard all the year round than there are at Woodstock and Peterboro in July. And Mac struck it lucky during the war. Several of our most promising young authors went over early to fight and write, and Mac found himself with two of those first non-fiction best sellers on his list. His profits were very large. He used them wisely, and showed a rare good judgment in the expansion of his business. In 1920 he bought the old Carver place on the outskirts of Eastmore, put in a swimming-pool and tennis courts, remodeled the spacious old stables for dancing and billiards, with luxurious guest suites above; and when they moved in that autumn they doubtless had as fine an old colonial place as there was in all New England.

That summer of 1920 was the first I spent in Eastmore. I met the MacTavishes almost immediately through common friends and liked Rita from the first, though most of the women in the literary group in which we moved tolerated her merely because she was Duncan MacTavish's wife. For she had nothing whatever in common with them intellectually. But she was

extremely attractive to men. Women described her as pretty, but with "nothing much back of the eyes"; men smiled, and said they liked her. She was, in brief, typical of the woman who as an undeveloped eighteen-year-old girl marries an older man who keeps her untouched by the world and innocent of everything about life except as it pertains to him. She had mental capacity, lots of it, but no intellectual development whatever; while her emotional capacity had been so constantly satiated that it had left her physically placid. I think maybe she interested me at that time more for what she might have been than for what she was; and, too, because I suspected that Duncan MacTavish was not the sort of man who could be depended on to play fair, always, with such trusting innocence at home.

I said as much to Jim Barton one evening at the Country Club. It was a mistake! Jim said I ought to be ashamed of myself, that Mac was one of the squarest, finest men who ever rode a commuter's train, that he never looked at any woman but Rita, that he slaved for her and the children, and that the nearer I drew to thirty the more I was getting to be a crabby, suspicious old maid. He told me to snap out of it. Nor was he any more loyal to Mac than the rest of the men in the crowd were; and I think they meant it. But every time Mac danced with me that first summer (and I made it as infrequent as possible without attracting attention) I wondered how Rita would take it if she ever found out he was a cheater. Not that there was anything too definitely offensive about his dancing and the subtly suggestive

conversation that accompanied it. Mac was clever. And Scotchly cautious. But a woman would have had to be all ivory not to have known that he was asking for temptation to be put in his way; and when that happens to *me*, I don't have the conceit to believe it is my own overwhelming appeal that has keeled a man over and made him irresponsible. No; when a man dances like Mac, he likes the ladies. But in all fairness to Jim Barton and the rest of them, I don't believe they knew it.

Be that as it may, each succeeding summer found me, to my own surprise at first, increasingly drawn to Rita, and we developed a beautiful and very genuine friendship. She had a quality of soul that drew me to her—a quality that was somehow beyond the intellectual. It was the thing, for instance, that made her a highly intelligent instead of a blindly devoted mother, that made her, in our friendship, a human being instead of a rationalizing automaton. And God knows there are few enough intellectual (so-called) women who are anything else. As for Mac, after that first summer he accepted me as a platonic friend. There were moments when I detected a bit of uneasiness in him. But as time wore on he seemed to trust implicitly in my discretion.

With Rita the sun continued to rise, run its course and set in Duncan MacTavish. Her family was growing up and she was beginning to have some freedom. In a way, she had never had her youth, with her first baby coming the week before her nineteenth birthday; and it seemed

altogether fair that she should have her children growing up healthfully around her now and not demanding too much of her time. She grew more lovely each succeeding summer.

"How young! And how beautiful!" people said of her.

And Mac smiled possessively, and they were very, very happy.

Then, in the spring of 1924, Dawn Hope came to Eastmore. Mac danced with her frequently. Dawn was weak and not very discreet. People talked. The men said she was an unscrupulous little fool who would not leave Mac alone. I kept my mouth tight shut. Rita walked serenely through the summer without hearing a word of it. She wouldn't have believed it if she had heard it. Dawn went back to New York in the fall. MacTavish and Harland brought out her first book that winter—utter drivel it was. But of course it was necessary that she keep up business relationships with her publisher. I saw her and Mac together in the city occasionally that winter. I kept my mouth tight shut, but I did not need to be told anything. Dawn was one of those pliable women, more female than feminine, and "more to be pitied than blamed." That is, unless you envy them.

That next summer Duncan MacTavish made a display of jealousy that surprised us all. As I have said before, men were intensely attracted to Rita. She was nice to all of them and one hundred per cent loyal to Duncan. She was nice that particular summer to Bob Elton. His wife had died and he was lonely. Possibly he did impose a little on Rita and Mac. Under the circumstances, though, he

certainly was to be forgiven. But Mac was jealous—so idiotically jealous that all of us except blind, suffering Bob knew it. Rita was puzzled and unhappy. She could not bear to hurt poor Bob unnecessarily, nor could she believe that Duncan was going to continue to be unreasonable. Well, the summer passed and early the next June, Rita had her fifth baby. Eastmore smiled and joked about accidents.

Nobody seemed to understand how clever Duncan MacTavish was in dealing with women.



I had been unusually busy in town that winter and saw little of Rita until I went back to Eastmore in June. She was adorable with young Jimmie and more beautiful than ever before. But she had most astoundingly changed. I could scarcely believe my eyes and ears when I saw her with Mac. He was the epitome of devotion, as he always was when he was close at hand. But she had changed. There was resentment in her eyes and a barb in her phrases when she spoke to him.

"Rita isn't very well," he told me apologetically one day when her attitude had been too obvious. "She'll be her old self when she gets her strength back."

Rita said nothing. One thing I admired in her was that, regardless of the closeness of our friendship, her relationship to Duncan had remained a thing absolutely above and apart. I know few women whose wifely loyalty is infused with such high good taste. Nor did I impose on her reticence. Which is probably why she was able to turn to me so com-

pletely when her unhappiness had nearly driven her mad.

I can give no accurate account of Rita's mental processes, but this is what she told me. She said Duncan had always said the reason they had never been jealous of each other was because they trusted each other so thoroughly. When he became so foolishly jealous of Bob Elton she was puzzled, because she knew there was no earthly reason why he should have stopped trusting her. She said probably it would all have blown over that fall when Bob went back to town—if it had not been for young Jimmie. Somehow it was the idea of young Jimmie that kept her mind on the situation. She had been so happy about the other children. They had been visible blessings of a kind Providence. But Jimmie seemed of much more mortal design and she resented him frightfully. Duncan was "so pleased," she said, and there were times when she was ashamed of herself. But she could not change.

Her mind kept dwelling on Duncan's unreasonable jealousy and on young Jimmie. She grew morbid. And then, one day (God knows why!) she jumped several rational steps and lit on the fact, or the fear, that Duncan had been jealous of her because he had been guilty of something himself. She says there was no particular occurrence that aroused her suspicions, but that once they had been aroused, evidence flooded in on all sides. I shall not go into detail as to how she discovered that Duncan's occasional nights in New York were less business and more pleasure than his excuses implied, or of his protesting denials. If only he

could have reasoned with her, he might have been able to persuade her to the lie. But he had always helped to keep her mental side undeveloped, so he could do nothing with it now. She just "felt" his insincerity, and that was all there was to it.

Mind you, I did not hear a word of this until October, when young Jimmie was getting along toward five months and being so adorable that I hated to have the winter come to take me into town again. But Rita had reached the limit of her endurance and had to have relief of some kind. She was disillusioned and unhappy, and, fortunately, downright mad. She threw out dark hints. She threatened.

"All right," she said ominously. "What's soft for the goose—"

"Soft for the goose?" I questioned. "I don't understand."

"You know," she answered darkly. "What's soft for the goose is soft for the gander."

I restrained my smile. Rita's literary side had never had much chance. And after all, she had the meaning of the axiom. Which was one way her intelligence was always showing itself. When she made an intellectual break, she did it intelligently.



I gave no advice. I tried to help her to be honest with herself, which is about all you can do for a friend in a case like this. I saw her quite often that winter and, to be perfectly honest, I cultivated Dawn Hope in town. My standing in the literary world is such that she was flattered, and her ego is such that she never doubted that I was interested in her

for herself alone. She confides in people easily, apparently. She told me she was *living* that winter. Like that. The sickening part of it was that Dawn had fallen in love, in her way, with Mac, and she wanted him. I was not surprised to hear, just after she went abroad in April, that Mac-Tavish and Harland had important business which was going to necessitate the head of the firm's being in London for the greater part of the summer.

Mac left early in May.

What a summer! Rita drove and dined, danced and swam, walked in the moonlight, sat in dark corners of verandas, in fact, did all the things for which a good woman is criticized and a bad woman excused. And mostly with John Linton, a thirty-five-year-old bachelor, a matter-of-fact broker, a nice but, to me, totally uninteresting man. Duncan loathed him as only a high-class, more or less artistically inclined publisher and married man can loathe a materialistic, successful stock-broker and happy bachelor. Oh, it was soft for the gander that summer! John gave her all the attention a woman like Rita loves. He was friendly with the older children and acted at times as if young Jimmie belonged to him. There never was a real scandal in Eastmore that created the excitement and talk that Rita's innocent flirtation did. Nor did she get any sympathy! A woman with a year-old baby never does. I heard an enraged male say one evening at the Country Club that he hoped Duncan MacTavish would horsewhip John Linton down the Post Road all the way to New York when he got back, for making a fool of his wife. Which

seemed to express the sentiments of the crowd. Though they knew by this time that Mac was side-stepping.

He came back in August. John met Rita in town and took her to the pier. The three of them drove back in John's car. He spent the evening with them. Some of us dropped in for a few minutes to say "hello" to Mac, but John's car was parked in front of their house until after midnight. For weeks John's car was parked there regularly. But he and Rita always included Mac in their plans. Would he go swimming with them, or go to see Douglas Fairbanks's new picture, or do this, that, or the other with them? If he would *not*, they ignored his tone and went alone; so after several refusals, Mac always went along. Rita seemed intent on making life a gay threesome and people grinned broadly every time the three of them appeared together. Every one began to think and to say, "Poor old Mac." But Rita, plainly, did not intend to break off with John Linton. It was a principle with her now. "What's soft for the goose," she had said, and, in her innocent way, she meant it. She was playing Mac's game, though playing it decently, of course.

Some day I am going to write a novel about Rita and Duncan MacTavish and give it the ending it deserves. But for this, the truth shall be served, and without embellishment. By the middle of October it was evident that Mac was not well. "Stomach," the doctor said and when he found he was not helping him, sent him to a specialist. The specialist put him in a hospital. There were X-rays and expensive

consultations. They could find nothing. Mac lost more weight and looked miserable in that terrible way that only a man who has always been full of abundant health can look. Humiliation is a devastating disease! The specialist insisted that he stay in the hospital. He talked seriously to Rita. To this day I do not know whether Mac told him anything, whether he was a good enough psychologist to understand the situation without being told, or whether Mac's illness actually had him alarmed. At any rate, he scared Rita.

She dropped John Linton suddenly, and to the vast amusement of all Eastmore. She devoted herself to Mac. Every instinct in her was roused in his behalf. He improved. When he left the hospital (they never did find the cause of his trouble!) she took care of him as if he had been her child. And when he was able to go to his office, she lived her days only to make him comfortable and happy when he came home again. She says you never know your blessings until you realize what life might be like without them.

It has been that way ever since.

Rita has been utterly illogical, but she is happy. I know she knows that Mac and Dawn Hope see each other in New York. She has a peculiar intelligence, has Rita. She seems to be able to adjust to life, to accept it for what it is, in a way that is utterly lacking in intellectual women. She loves Duncan. I suppose she loves him so much that, puny though he may seem to her now, she can believe in his eventual bigness—the very sort of faith my intellectual friends put in their work as they divorce their husbands.

Maybe Mac is worth it to Rita. I do not love him, so I cannot judge. I saw him and Dawn together only the other evening at a party at the home of a rather famous, loose-living literary light. He struck me as being bored. Dawn was around his neck, figuratively speaking, like a wet stocking. MacTavish and Harland have just brought out another book of hers. They will lose money on this one. Dawn is a vindictive woman down underneath. I watched them together a few nights ago; and wondered, curiously, just how soft it really is for the "goose."

RELIGION GOES TO COLLEGE

The New Chapel at Princeton

HERBERT PARRISH

RELIGION is going to college. It has always, more or less, gone there. In fact, as everybody knows, most colleges and universities began with religion. The theologians were as thick as thieves. A majority of the Bachelors of Arts went into the ministry. But now for many years religion has had a hard time getting in. It has had to work its way through. The trustees and the faculty sidestepped it. Since the days of the Carnegie Fund, the supercilious attitude of haughty Harvard, the warfare of science and theology, portrayed by Doctor White of Cornell, and the rise of great State universities all over the land, religion has been relegated. The Doctors of Laws became more important than the Doctors of Divinity. Very few institutions of respectable learning insisted that the professors of mathematics even should be also professors of the faith. Those who matriculated were no longer required to subscribe to the Thirty-nine Articles or the Westminster Catechism, the decrees of the Synod of Dort or the Heidelberg Confession. Such legalisms were left to the remote and obscure sectarian colleges of the rural type, mostly in the Middle West. The more sophisticated student bodies regarded a pious undergrad with the

pity one bestows upon those who are not quite right in their minds or who lack that consideration for personal appearance that is justly described as "next to godliness." Only a star athlete with a smile like Lindbergh's and a fist like Gene Tunney's could put religion over on a sophomore. And such were almost as rare as the visits of angels and the teeth of hens. For several generations religion has had a hard time of it.

And now suddenly religion is coming back again. A reaction has set in. The colleges and universities are taking a new attitude. Courses in the philosophy of religion, in comparative religion, in religion and ethics, in higher criticism and Biblical literature, and even in evangelization have been started and are largely attended. The phenomena of religion, it was realized, were too general and too important for scientific men to pass up. Besides it was evident that education without religion tended to put the sources of power into the hands of people who had no inhibitions, no morals, no prejudices and who, as the world crowds up, might persuade themselves that it would be just as well to snuff out the rest of us with poison-gas in order that their particular brand of super-culture might flourish without let or

hindrance. A world of educated devils is not a pleasant thing to contemplate. So let us see, said the colleges, whether religion cannot supply the necessary antidote. Let us take up the subject in a really serious way. And since religion is not merely theology but needs some expression in the form of devotion, we must consider whether it will not be well to hire some young and alert clergyman, sympathetic with flaming youth, to act as university chaplain. Is the old idea of compulsory chapel a good thing? And are our college chapels themselves an asset or a liability in the way of encouraging religion among the students, graduate and undergraduate?

Yale abolishes compulsory chapel attendance and hires an attractive and youthful cleric to plead the cause to such brands as he can pull out of the burning. Princeton builds a three million dollar architectural splendor for a new chapel. Religion returns to college and gets a scholarship.

It is high time. The colleges and universities have been sending out their thousands of young men and young women into the streams of our national political, social and economic life year by year, equipped with plenty of knowledge about many things, but with no other gods in their pantheon than those familiar and ancient divinities known to antiquity as Mammon and Aphrodite. Such religious influences as they may have had in early childhood were eliminated. Idealism of any sort, self-restraint, self-sacrifice, the austerity so congenial to youth, they regarded as bunk, hokum, tosh, effete

superstition, to be classed with frock-coats, side-whiskers and the works of Alfred Lord Tennyson. College graduates were becoming uncomfortable to live with and dangerous to deal with in business transactions. What they needed was the religion they had lost between matriculation and graduation. Nietzsche was their Bible, the "American Mercury" their vade-mecum. There was something after all in the old pietism, the old mythology, the old faiths, that ought to have been preserved. It was the condition of honor, the cement of civilization, the ideal of justice and the basis of truth. This had to be rescued, rehabilitated, taught anew—that the life of the nation might flow unvexed to the sea of time and the tides of eternity.

Religion suffered shabby treatment at college during the past two generations in two ways. On the one hand it was subjected to a hazing in the form of a critical analysis at the hands of the learned faculties. That had to be done to be sure. Religion for years had entered the freshman class with all the cocksureness of family tradition and Sunday-school training, absurd, childish, petrified, generally four hundred years behind the times. It needed to be shaken into shape, to have its philosophy differentiated from its myths. This the faculty proceeded to do to the delight of some and to the horror of others.

"Gentlemen," said the learned professor of philosophy or biology to his class of adolescents, "I shall set before you the various arguments pro and con for belief in God and for the theory of mechanistic material-

ism, without of course expressing my own opinion, and you will choose for yourselves which of the two you will accept—or reject—as the more reasonable.” A few lessons in astronomy and biology easily had the effect of shattering the juvenile convictions of youths brought up to believe that the legends of Genesis were a literal and scientific presentation of the facts and methods of creation. The rapid destruction of the child’s religion went on apace. And in many cases it was very convenient. It was the first taste of a justification for moral freedom the child had ever had. The fallacy of it all was of course that the faculty threw out the baby with the bath. In destroying the mythology they did not observe or teach that this after all had enshrined a spiritual and moral truth. The ancients expressed themselves in myth, but the myth contained the values that needed emphasis. Thus the professors took away what the boy had without giving him anything worth while to replace it.

And on the other hand religion at college suffered from the atrophied form of chapel worship that was both barren and dull to the limit. An excellent case can be made out for compulsory chapel attendance. There is no reason why a boy should be excused from the exercise of religion in the form of devotion any more than there is that he should cut out the prescribed athletics or the major of his junior year merely because he happens to dislike it. In a state of tutelage we cannot have pickers and choosers. If it is a good thing for one, it is a good thing for all. But such religious services as are prescribed at the majority of our

colleges and universities, whether compulsory or voluntary, are generally of such a type, so devoid of all charm and beauty, that they would bore even the lad with the long hair and the rather goggly eyes who intends to become a missionary to Africa. It is small wonder that the boys come in looking like a bunch of convicts driven by their keepers, shuffling, reading books during the exercises, playing craps behind the seats with discretion, howling out the hymns as a relief to jaded nerves. The average chapel services are good for nobody. The Jews and the Roman Catholics, who do not have to attend these anathematized and heretical services—no college president would dare to offend their powerful hierarchies—are to be congratulated and are the envy of the campus. Chapel services should be made attractive.

In fact religion at college requires a very special treatment, if it is to survive, such as it has seldom had in America among Protestants. It differs essentially from other things in that it is not merely a matter for study and reasoning, but is also a matter of emotion and conduct. It has to be lived up to in some degree to be understood and it must be conformed to in order to be demonstrated and proved. A man, for example, can comprehend the binomial theorem or accept the nebular hypothesis and still continue to be a scoundrel. But if he is convinced that there is a God, he will at least make some attempt to live up to the idea. Nor can you approach the problem merely on a basis of critical analysis however fair and skilfully. Critical analysis in reality is more

apt to destroy religion than to stimulate it. For religion is like love. Suppose that you were to intellectualize love, to classify biologically the object of your affections, as a mammal of the species *Homo Sapiens*; to make an anatomical study of the nervous, vascular, muscular and osseous systems; to weigh the chemical constituents of the beloved—as they have done at the Natural History Museum—so much carbon, so much water, so much iron, so much sodium chloride, and so on; or if you were even to psychoanalyze her character, the reactions, complexes, responses, inhibitions, censors and the like, would not love fly out at the window and vanish into thin air? Extreme anxiety, therefore, to clear up the possible errors in religion and to place the subject on a purely intellectual basis is futile and often dangerous. The emotional content is so much more important than the intellectual, and the lad who says his prayers and keeps himself on a plane of decency is a far more agreeable and safe companion for your son—even though he may be ignorant of all the philosophies and as simple-minded as his Sunday-school teacher—than the sophisticated youth “sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer.” Intellectually the theologies are indeed very vulnerable. But emotionally religion, like all the great loyalties, makes the world safe for mankind.

At college especially it is the emotional side of religion that needs emphasis. The swirl of adolescent passions, the blind following of admirations and hero-worship, the pitfalls and traps of the devil, the mass psychology—“Everybody’s do-

ing it”—the easy excuses, the absence of home associations and restraints, the new sense of freedom, the dare and the spirit of adventure, the boredom with conventions, the need of a thrill, the urge of inherited and savage traditions, the sweep of complexes, the whole emotional gamut of life indicate the need of a very powerful stimulus if a sensitive lad is to keep his balance and float along without making shipwreck of his life or sinking his character. In this matter right feeling is far more important than correct ideas. And it is the business of religion at college to produce right feeling.

Youth cannot be left to work out its salvation, to develop its character, at the most critical period of life, without guidance and apart from an environment that helps. Its early training in the conventional Sunday-school was doubtless absurd enough, but it is not the wise course to destroy even such props for freshmen without giving them something more supporting in their early days away from home. It is a grave responsibility that some professors assume when they concede to youth the determination for itself of what the truth is without taking into account the elements of which religion is composed. The kind of atheist one finds at universities is a rather shallow sort. And the average college chapel does not supply to the best boys and girls of the land the religious environment they ought to have. College religion is critically intellectual, but with all its psychology it still sniffs at the power of emotion. It has almost lost the sense of beauty in religion. It may appeal to the head, but it cannot reach the heart.

But that the emotional element is the more important part of religion is abundantly clear to any one who will give a careful consideration to the history of religion. Neither the great founders nor the great saints and propagandists were often men of scholarly attainments. They were enthusiastic and enthusiastic often to the point of fanaticism. They felt deeply. And their followers once convinced sustained their enthusiasm by a method of revival in which the emotions were continually stimulated. To keep up religious enthusiasm is the studied art of ecclesiasticism. The splendid architecture of the churches, the dramatic and spectacular services, alive with color and form, were not only an expression of religious fervor on the part of men aflame with the love of God, they were also the means by which that fervor was kept alive. The vast multitudes who kneel in adoration at the elevation of the Host are not critics and philosophers and neither are the crowds that in former years were moved to excitement by the exhortations of some powerful Protestant preacher. Their religion was almost purely emotional. It could not be anything else. But it did a lot of good. It gave hope, courage, peace, joy and contentment to multitudes. It does so yet. And we cannot afford to let this quality evaporate into the thin air of critical intellectuality in our colleges. It must be retained. It is too powerful and valuable a thing to be ignored.

Consider for example the effect of an experience in contact with religious emotionalism on the part of a highly cultivated English woman among the barbarians in the Near

East. In the letters of Gertrude Bell, whose amazing career in Arabia during the World War excited the admiration of the civilized world, we find the following passage.

"Tomorrow the Druses are going forth, two thousand horsemen, to recapture their flocks and to kill every man, woman and child of the Sakha they may come across. . . . Together under the moon we scrambled up the sandy side of the mountain. There at the top on the edge of the castle moat we found a group of Druses, men and boys, standing in a circle and singing a terrible song. They were well armed and most of them carried swords.

"O Lord, our God! Upon them! Upon them!"

"I too joined the circle with my guide. 'Let the child leave his mother's side; let the young man mount and be gone!'

"Over and over again they repeated a single phrase. Then half a dozen or so stepped into the circle, each shaking his club or his drawn sword in the face of those standing around.

"'Are you a good man? Are you a brave man? Are you valiant?' they shouted. 'Ha! Ha!' came the answer and the swords glistened in the moonlight.

"And if you had listened to their song," Miss Bell continues, "you would know that the finest thing in the world is to go out and kill your enemies."

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In some such way, no doubt, the men of Gideon and the men of David encouraged themselves for their battles with the Philistines.

And since such bloodthirsty emotions can be roused by stimuli of this kind, it is certain that very different and much more beneficent emotions can be stirred by stimuli of an opposite character. The Catholic repeating the beads of the rosary and keeping in mind the sorrowful, joyous and glorious mysteries may be moved to spiritual aspiration, to confidence and hope, to courage and endurance. The iteration of certain phrases, the atmosphere of a sacred place, the association with a devout group, the frequent contact with an impressive ritual, the imposed inspiration of sights, sounds and odors redolent of holy associations, such things cannot fail to produce emotions and to move to action in the direction of the ideas and ideals indicated. A style of architecture which has for centuries been the exterior symbol of spiritual things has an inevitable emotional effect.

It is the business of religious authority, of critical intellectuality, to ascertain the features that will produce the emotional results that are desirable and then to offer them as practical instruments for the purpose. And the eye in such matters is a more immediate entrance to the mind than the ear. Hours of talking cannot do what a glimpse will accomplish. Hence thoughtful people are realizing that the modern world needs something beside motion-pictures, needs cathedrals and Gothic chapels, to impress the imagination of susceptible youth and the masses.

But some one is saying, "This is mere self-hypnotism, an intellectual substitute for right thinking." Undoubtedly that is true. And yet, in the general scheme of things, why may not self-hypnotism, the deliber-

ate stirring of the emotions, be quite as divine, as valid a method of influencing character and conduct as analytical thought, considering especially that the vast majority of people are quite incapable of critical analysis? In all other human relations we employ exactly this method to stir and to hold the feelings of people in the direction of desirable ends. In the family, in love, in patriotism we do not depend for the production of desirable emotional reactions upon critical analysis. If we did, the world as we know it would go to pieces. We use therefore traditional factors that inspire to right feelings, and we justify them intellectually only after the event, if at all, both for ourselves and for our children. People who are actuated by right feelings are far more agreeable and safe companions than people who look at everything in the cold light of sheer critical intellectuality. These last are fortunately few and are not infrequently swayed in their ultimate judgments and conduct by emotional complexes entirely unknown even to themselves, that warp their opinions and make them dangerous to society. Man is far more an emotional creature than a being of pure intellect.

And when one recalls the employment of this same method—the songs, the symbols, the snake-dance, the yells, the colors—for the working up of enthusiasm for fraternity or college "spirit," one will wonder that something similar is not employed to stimulate religious zeal. It is. But at college it has been neglected.



For this very reason the new chapel at Princeton has a special significance.

It is the employment of great architecture to produce religious reaction on the part of students. In reality it is a Catholic dream out of the Middle Ages. And it is attracting visitors from all parts of America.

As a work of art alone the building is worth going a long way to see. There is no architecture where I live. The amiable inhabitants have not yet aspired to the realms of architectural imagination. They are content with buildings that never rise much beyond a rather commonplace colonial standard. To spend money for the sake of sheer beauty does not appeal to them. One must drive eighteen miles down the Lincoln Highway to see architecture. Princeton is one of the few American college towns that has style. The Graduate School, the Refectory, the University dormitories, the club houses and many fine residences give the place an atmosphere of old-world charm. And the latest addition is the new chapel at the upper end of the campus.

To be sure it is still painfully new. Its leaded roof has not yet secured that peculiar blue tinge that lead exposed to oxygen acquires through centuries of time, the blue of a Maltese cat. And the Indiana limestone with its delicate and symbolic carvings has only lately been released from the hands of the stone-cutters. But there it stands, simple, severe and rich, with lines that suggest the Ages of Faith when art was the thrall of religion, a white dream out of the night of time. And the interior, the deep choir, the transepts and nave, the triforium and clerestory, the vaulted roof, the clustered pillars, the gorgeous color of the windows, the carved inscriptions and symbols

of the Seven Deadly Sins and the Seven Cardinal Virtues, will take one out of the world of railroads and motor-cars, of crowded streets and temporal worries, into a region where space and time exist apart from material substance, the peace of God that passes understanding. Architecture after all was not invented exclusively for the glory of banks and the elaboration of modern hotels. The chapel is enormous and will seat three thousand persons.

Do not pay too close attention to the learned professor who may explain to you in a friendly way that the architecture of this chapel is not pure Gothic, that it is far from being thirteenth-century Gothic. He will say that the aisles are too narrow, mere passageways, the nave too broad. The arches are of a late, almost Tudor, style. The transepts are unusually wide. The nave has too few bays. It is Gothic, yes; but Gothic adapted to the needs of a university chapel, a sort of Americanized Gothic, a kind of college Gothic, rather "Gothin" than "Gothic"—a professorial pun. It is always advisable to take professors *cum grano*. They are people whose brains are crowded with facts, but whose imagination is devoid of ideas. They spend long years in study and compel their students to study the works of men who never went to college. Their creative faculties are inhibited by the iterated adulation of the classic instance. They always look backward. They quote the past. Their attitude is that of intellectual snobbery.

In reality the architect has done well. He evidently had a fairly free hand. He has constructed his "froz-

en music" with a wizardry that makes an imposing and magnificent structure. The chapel architecturally considered, whatever the meticulous critic may say, is a building that will dominate the imagination of generations of students for many years to come. It has beauty and a compelling reverence. I noticed even before the scaffolding was down that men took off their hats when they entered and that they moved about with solemnity, awed by the distinctively religious quality of the place. This was none other than the House of God.

The trouble with the chapel, if any fault is to be found, is in what the university authorities have done to it after it left the architect's hands. They have done those things that they ought not to have done and they have left undone those things that they ought to have done. One might pardon the heavy seats in the nave that injure the architectural proportions. These are perhaps necessary. Chapel seats have to be anchored down. The Princeton students, presumably like all other students, would otherwise make a skating-rink out of the place during the sermons. But the building has no reredos, no rood-screen. There is a sort of altar—probably a concession to the Episcopalians who are now in the majority at Princeton—but it is insignificant. And the unhappy Presbyterian tradition of the place has insisted upon placing enormous seats against the east wall for the president and faculty, utterly out of place in a structure of this type. And while there is a quite wonderful antique pulpit and an ancient lectern, the east window itself has been made into

an obscure blue blanket, ruining the perspective of the building. One concludes that after it was built the authorities sought in every way to destroy the Catholic effect and to turn the building into a place for the audience of men rather than to allow it to stand as a temple for the worship of God.

These Scotch and Anglican places of worship, however medieval their form, always seem to lack something. There is a peculiar emptiness, a certain frigidity, a lack of the sacramental quality. What such a place needs is color, sanctuary lamps, lights, shrines and images, the reserved Sacrament in a hanging pyx. Far better to risk a little human idolatry and allow the burning of some votive candles to those who may feel in the mood. And of course there is the need of drama in the services, rich vestments, banners, incense, a splendid ceremony. But you cannot expect all this yet at a university where the Presbyterian traditions prevail. The services will for a long time be gray and somber. The sermons will be the chief feature of worship. President Hibben will continue to sit above the mercy seat enthroned as the chief symbol of divinity.

Even so it is an entering wedge. And it is a far cry from the days of Jenny Geddes, John Knox and even President Patton. There is a great "kist o' whussles" in the choir that is played during worship. And there is enough splendor to corrupt the pure Calvinism of the students of Princeton Seminary, that last stronghold of Fundamentalism, if perchance any of them drop in to see the recrudescence of a style formerly

associated only with the dangerous doctrines and damnable deceits of the Scarlet Lady. This chapel will make the Reformation worthies turn over in their graves.

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But when all is said and done it must not be expected that any rehabilitation of religion will transform the Gargantuan habits of youth, much less create a student body of juvenile saints and adolescent devotees. What some one calls "the pathetic oratory of preachers" may suggest this hope, but normal people will hardly expect or desire to see instances of Saint Aloysius and his lily dotting the campus. Youth is ever rebellious, recalcitrant, agin' the government. That is its charm, its *raison d'être*, for it is the new life pushing aside the old. It will always find chapel of whatever sort something of a bore, just as it finds any rules and lessons sometimes irksome. The process of being licked into shape is never quite congenial. All that chapel can reasonably expect to do is

to make religion in its formal expression something less dull and drab, less cold and unlovely than it has been in the past. If beauty is joined to truth and goodness, it will do much for the making of a just and rounded impression upon our young men and women of the dignity and majesty of what is after all the most powerful factor in the world.

It is an interesting fact that in New Jersey at least we are getting away from the old inhibitions and prejudices and widening out into expressions and methods that portend a change in the position of religion in college life. For we have not only the new chapel at Princeton, but at the New Jersey College for Women at New Brunswick they have introduced a splendid choir, vested in scarlet cassocks and white surplices that Johannes Agricola and the worthies of the Synod of Dort would have regarded with horror. The girls like it. And to my mind they look like angels ever bright and fair.

MY WIFE'S GARDEN

But Mostly My Wife

IVAN HARDIN

WHEN I asked Catherine to marry me, she was wearing a thin, leaf-green dress printed with authentic nosegays. One delphinium, one rose-colored hibiscus, and one gypsophila spray, with two purple violets and a spike of sword-fern at the top. Not that I knew these learned names at the time. Neither did I know what I later learned, that the dress was "sprigged dimity." Indeed, as my imagination skims over the table of mental contents of the young man who, eighteen years ago, asked Catherine to marry him, I can recall nothing that he knew. He was one mass of ignorance. All knowledge seemed to have deserted him except the overwhelming fact that he loved Catherine.

I must also have been in that pathetic state at which men in love absolutely refuse to learn anything. Because, strange as it now seems, this singularly symbolic dress of Catherine's meant only an angel's robe. Another proof of the pitiful mental capacity of the male in love is the fact that, with Catherine's answer, I was unable to put two and two together and get even three. Of course, this was before the recent vogue of Freud, and I knew less than nothing of "inhibitions," "complexes," "hidden urges," "libidos,"

and the like psychological patter. Young men in love are better protected nowadays than twenty years ago. I am positive any cautious and properly educated young person of this day would instantly and unequivocally withdraw his proposal for further consideration.

For this is Catherine's answer, verbatim, to my proposal: "Hugh, can I, could I have a garden?" And I said, "Of course you can." Just like that. So does a man sign his death-warrant and deed away his freedom.

Of course, there were extenuating circumstances. Catherine has a high-bred animal's instinctive distaste of careless handling. I am sure she could not survive the competitive casual petting of this age. But she does have an urgent trick of shaking your elbows with a gentle grip. And then, too, she was looking at me. Catherine has always been short of words; not dumb, but inarticulate. And, for compensation, she talks with her eyes. Not flirting. Catherine simply thinks so fast and furious, and so openly, that words are oftentimes totally unnecessary and consequently rare. But this combination is resistless. I know, because I have seen it in operation with all four of Catherine's children. Of

course, they are also my children; so the moral may only be that there is something in heredity, after all.

Words, from the point of view of conveying thought, are a great handicap. To me a garden was a definite concept, based on memory. I now know that Catherine's idea of a garden was nebulous, creative, ideal, a shimmering mirage of futurity and growth. So what I promised was vastly different from the thing I had in mind.

I grew up on a farm. In general, the successful American citizen has grown up on a farm. I want to do some research some day on the problem, "The Final Disposition of the City Bred," the beauty of this topic lying in the infinite possibilities of "disposition." I know not what becomes of the city youth, but nine out of ten city dwellers I know are country born. So we know a garden.

A garden is a patch of ground which one works and waters, plants and hoes. It is a cumulative result of years of fertilizer and sweat, patience and profanity, depending on the sex of the gardener. You dread it some, coddle it much, fear it a little, take pride in it occasionally, and eat from it sometimes. It is a gladiatorial arena for the weed and the vegetable.

No one ever yearns for a garden; no one ever chooses a garden. A garden is an economic luxury, but a psychological necessity. When first the world was, there was a garden. When all finite and tangible have passed away, still the garden will be, if only in the imagination and memory of the infinite. What every man knows, but no man before has dared to print, or even to breathe, is that the garden is the invention of

infinite wisdom to keep woman busy and out of mischief.

So when I promised Catherine a garden, I had a swift mental vision of an anemic tomato-plant, flanked perhaps by a dry bean-vine or two, a few long-legged heads of cabbage, some stringy beets and radishes, all encircled with clouds of bugs, nourished on sundry and various patent bug-extermimators. Of course, there would inevitably be continual mild disagreements over bean-poles and weeds and neighbors' chickens. But just then Catherine seemed to me well worth any small masculine sacrifice. And I succumbed.

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My rash promise so heedlessly given did not occur to me again until some months had rushed by and Catherine and I were looking for a place to live, together! Where do we live? and when? and how? and how long? Such surging questions attack the neophyte in marriage. It is a question of tenses. Not only do you consider the present, but your past must be taken into account. Not lightly does any man tamper with his "standard of living." Then there is the future!

I was a rising young man. I had grown up under the tutelage and veneration of a host of female relatives. Naturally, I had no mean opinion of myself. I was also an eligible young man. If I had not been so utterly and humbly in love, I should have been more appreciative of Catherine's good luck, because she now entered into this aura of eligibility with me. The extremely honored and unique position in which I had placed Catherine perhaps appealed to me less because all the

other eligible young men were marrying. For that is what an eligible young man is: he marries when the rest of them marry.

And most of the eligible young men of our city, now fast expanding into the young couples who were the younger married set, were setting up housekeeping in the new apartments in Goodwood's Addition, as near as possible to the Boulevard. Of course, a small minority of the lesser eligible, who had also the pioneering spirit, were buying bungalows farther out. But none of the pseudo-country life of the commuter for me.

My domestic ambitions first hit a snag when Catherine, after a portentously quiet inspection of the prospective apartment, was standing in the pre-shrunk sized kitchen, staring blankly out over the splendidly paved back yard, called a court, I suppose because one pays high tribute for it. It was only then I found the explanation of her troubled silence from the hesitant remark, "But, Hugh, I couldn't have a garden there."

It may have been because a promise is a promise, or it may have been because Catherine is Catherine; at any rate, a year after my reckless promise, found us in a rambling cottage overlooking the river, well beyond the sheltering sanctity of the Boulevard. The chief difference between our house and its scattering neighbors was that it sat, but really in quite a friendly manner and not at all proudly, in the midst of an acreage four lots bigger than the others. It had also a disconcerting habit of looking less opulent and splendid every time the agent left us in it alone.

To tell the truth—although our chief reason for living here was to redeem my promise of a garden—in the months that followed, I almost entirely forgot the garden. I occasionally did feel a mild wonder that I received no orders to bring home seeds or implements. I had expected to find a collection of seed catalogues mixed with the daily papers. But I was fast learning the golden rule of the happily married, "Never go to meet trouble"; and, when I did think of the garden, I assumed that it had faded away in the midst of more pressing domestic problems.



For years Catherine's attitude toward her garden grew increasingly difficult for me to understand. I have known many amateur gardeners. Not all of them have been insufferably boastful or boresome. Some of them, decently clothed in shy pride, have been quite endurable. But a gardener's chief pleasures in his garden are showing it and talking about it. This seems quite reasonable to me. However, when one tries to justify his work and talk by sending cut flowers to friends, sick or well, the testimonies do not last. Evidently Adam and Eve themselves found a garden unbearable, with no one to show it off to, no one to describe it to.

Now Catherine's attitude has always been utterly incomprehensible for the simple reason that she hasn't any. She doesn't talk about her garden; I have never heard her on the telephone declining invitations or making any other excuse because she has to work in her garden.

I am developing a theory to explain

this curious gap in Catherine's proper relation to her garden, making use, at last, of some hazy information left from a college philosophy course. It has to do with satisfaction. As I have said, all the gardeners I know derive their satisfaction from their gardens by talking about them beforehand and showing them off afterward. Now Catherine doesn't need this talking or showing off because she gets satisfaction from her garden elsewhere and otherwise. I must admit my theory breaks down a bit here, but that can't be helped. I would like to settle it by saying that she draws complete satisfaction from working in her garden, but that is inexact. I have seen her quite distinctly, though bravely, disconsolate because the proper results have not followed her work.

I have reason to suspect that Catherine's garden entails more work than I am usually conscious of. Things seem not always to grow correctly. I inadvertently found her experimenting with six different kinds of soils and fertilizer when the gladiolus and snapdragon blooms in her path-borders did not come out happily. Indeed, I should say that Catherine's superiority as a gardener depends upon an unlimited supply of imagination and persistence. I remember distinctly when the lily pool and fountain were first installed; the pool looked very much like all the others I had seen. The water was dead and dark and full of floating specks and bugs. It was not a thing of beauty. I will admit I gloated, because I had from the first advised against a lily pool. I was never able to decide what colossal engineering feat Catherine quietly accomplished;

suffice it to say the lily pool has for several years been what a lily pool should be but seldom is, a sparkle of clear, alive water receiving the fall of the fountain with the proper soothing gurgle and just the right amount of white spray.



It is certainly no wonder that, with Catherine's lack of proper interest, her garden as an existing entity rather crept up on me. We had been living in our cottage almost a year and my daughter Mary was less than an hour old. I had been through the most harrowing experience of my life and I didn't really feel like any extra activity. Catherine was looking through an open window into the spring twilight. When she said to me, "Hugh, I believe the white hyacinths are blooming. I think I smell them." I didn't smell anything except ether, with wavering edges of antiseptic soap and Squibbs' pure talcum for infants.

I fear I shall always have a sneaking proud pity for all the fathers in the world because I don't believe any one of them has ever had the high privilege of leaving his first daughter to go out into spring starlight and white hyacinths. I had never felt so poetic. Catherine has a most distressing way of squelching my poetry with practicality. But small Mary was defenseless to protect herself by changing beauty to beefsteak or sonnets to syllogisms. I'm sure I should have named her Hyacinth or even perhaps Hyacinth Sue right there if Catherine, weak though she was, had not restrained me. Mary was a beautiful white baby with only a touch of rose and

cream about her tiny face. I didn't fully appreciate her just then; but I have since acquired three sons in assorted shades of red, purple, yellow and green, and her beauty has grown on me. Catherine was sure she would be slender and still, with a beautiful quiet smile, and so we called her Mary.

The garden has grown up with the children. I have no clearly defined memory of Mary from the day I first saw her until more than a year later. Through the long summer twilight Catherine was grubbing quite contentedly in the dirt of the phlox-bed and Mary had been put to work, Catherine's prize method of entertainment. Mary's task was taking a census of the canterbury-bells. The process was to insert a chubby forefinger delicately into each cup, with extreme care not to miss one. She was deliciously absorbed in her work and I found it hard to let her alone. I was under the yard awning where I had been dawdling over some delayed work brought home. A belated bumblebee crawled against my small daughter's dimpled finger with the usual result. I had to roar with laughter at her sudden pained surprise. Then I was overwhelmed with sympathy when I saw her on the job again a few minutes after the hard-hearted Catherine had wrapped the finger in wet soda. She was giving each flower-cup a careful inspection before she ventured her finger. My righteously indignant protest only brought another of Catherine's primer lessons on the child as a person: "Hugh, dear, won't you please try to remember that the baby is human? First, you laugh when she's hurt as you

wouldn't for a moment do with a grown person. Then, when she goes back to her work like any self-respecting woman, you flow over with maudlin sentiment, as if she were a doll."

But I think Catherine almost forgot young Hugh was human when he dived into the lily pool. Her troubled face as she salvaged the boy and a broken lily, the very first reward of several years of patient toil, showed the mother and the gardener in a terrible struggle. The boy was reclaimable, but that first lily, for all practical purposes, was a wreck.



I've only been kept from writing a book on raising children by the harrowing story of a mother who had to stop her life-work as an authoritative writer on child training to regenerate the morals and manners of her own flapper daughter. My material will be carefully selected from Catherine's varied and unorthodox methods. They have been applied with my unwilling coöperation. Not one but I have vetoed on its first appearance; but I've always in honesty been forced to approve it, if only as the lesser of two evils. The fundamental necessity is a garden. The fundamental principle is for the child raiser to understand how and what the raisee thinks.

It is not so simple a system as it may seem. I always know what John thinks because he thinks very cautiously and thoroughly, and aloud. Hugh does not think at all. He acts solely on instinct, sadly disgusting John because his brother is sometimes right. He ought not to be. And poor John can almost any time be found puzzling loudly over

Hugh's illogical correctnesses. I'm quite sure now that Mary thinks. I used to wonder painfully over it—I don't any more—because she so rarely talks. But it takes thought to manage three vastly different brothers with Mary's devastating efficiency. So I've decided the silences that precede Mary's sudden laughter and surprising actions are full of thoughts.

My feeling for Mary puzzles me. My female relatives were Amazons. Even gentle Catherine has a quiet sufficiency that doesn't lend itself well to masculine protection. So I long ago concluded that the chivalric protectorate over the feminine by the gentlemen of the old school is sentimental piffle. But I know now, in spite of my lifetime prejudices, I should want to commit murder if anything happened to my daughter Mary's precious laughter.

My son Bob is my pet abomination. Not that I don't love him. He is my baby and I do love him. But I can get no conception of his mental workings. His speech is both rare and stingy. The one disciplinary rule in our family necessitates nicety and care in formulating orders: "Obedience first; explanation, argument and apologies may come afterward." Now it is positively impossible for Bob to change his mind. And he seems to have it carefully made up beforehand on every conceivable proposition. This is now my dark confession. I am afraid to give Bob any ultimatum because I don't know just what I should do if he had other ideas. I've thought about it with cold sweat on my brow. It would open a delicate diplomatic situation that I do not intend to face.

Strong, stern fathers are sure to think this a joke or an admission of weakness. That is because they are not intimately acquainted with my youngest son. For instance. He appeared at breakfast in close communion with "Tom Sawyer." Catherine lets them do this. I disapprove; but I understand some one once turned out a light on the child Catherine when she was in the middle of something. When breakfast was served, Bob put down his book with a huge sigh and made this statement: "Mother, I'll have to take some flowers to Miss Smith. You see," he went on conversationally, using patience and reason for my benefit, "I can't stop 'Tom Sawyer' right here and I've got to have a tall vase for her desk so she won't be so likely to see me reading."

This was the proper place for a lecture on the fate of little boys who read books in school as Father never did when he was a little boy. In fact, I had opened my mouth to begin, when I heard Catherine remark, "Seems a bit sneaky to me. Besides, I never noticed teachers were so easily bamboozled. And, of course, you'll have to take your medicine, if there is any."

As Bob went into the kitchen for flower-shears, Catherine called him back. "You understand you'll be answerable for the correctness of your study assignments to-night? And it is your responsibility that you lose nothing from your lesson?" Catherine scorns talking down to children, either in vocabulary or ethics.

"Sure; she's going to read a story and I will get the book and read it before I come home." Later I found Bob and Catherine in the garden

engrossed in the comparative artistic merits of cornflower with coreopsis or gaillardia in the gross, and arguing just how much fern could be cut without ruining a plant. I washed my hands of the affair and fled, almost hoping dire punishment to befall Bob and humiliating disaster on Catherine.

Not that I couldn't have interfered. At one word from me Catherine would release Bob wholly to my tutelage with a relieved sigh and go on trimming the hollyhocks. But I had seen that young eight-year-old all but rebelling under his mother's firm but gentle hand often enough to know that this supervision was exactly what I did not want.

That evening young Bob was performing the indescribable feat of drinking from the fountain spray when I asked how the experiment of the book and the bouquet had succeeded. A brace of handsprings landed him choked and chuckling at my feet. "You know, Dad, I forgot 'Tom Sawyer' and had to finish it after I got home from school." I lost most of Bob's appreciative grin because I was giving Catherine a dirty look.

For Catherine is one of those trouble-hunters who insist on the whole truth and no evasions with children. My wrath rose higher. I myself could have purposely made the youngster forget his book, if I had refused to face the issue. But my heart softened when I saw Catherine, sitting flat in the marigolds, pulling weeds; her face was dirty and she had the grace to blush. Poor kid! So my obstreperous young son had at last conquered her as he had long ago finished me. The mighty Catherine!

To fall to the humiliation of this cheap compromise with her son!

But what result when I tried to put these thoughts into comforting words for my wife? "I didn't, Hugh. The book was on the breakfast table and we really forgot it. We spent so much time on the flowers that he was getting to be late for school. I ran after him but he was already gone. I really hoped he would get caught. He may as well learn that he generally will."

~

Our garden, however, is not always a lively domestic laboratory, although I do seem generally to recall it as a nursery. Through long hours of peace it is a lure for interesting and beautiful visitors. In the afternoon sun a black-cockaded goldfinch swings on the bushes. Dickcissels chee-chee-chee from the hedge. A rose-breasted grosbeak nests every year low in the cottonwoods. In June the black and white striped babies learn to fly about the walks and the children spend long afternoons in contented competition for glimpses of the rose spots beneath the father's wings. Only Bob has been patient enough to sight the chestnut spot of any of the catbirds that bathe in the fountains. Everybody expects some day to find a ruby-throat poised long enough to be really looked at. Striped snakes occasionally break the monotony of familiar friendly birds and in the autumn robber squirrels bark along the paths with samples of Catherine's bulbs and roots.

But the most loved garden dweller is our toad. Except that it may be our toads. For years a squashed-looking, hugely warted toad has

snapped up slugs along our garden paths. We have spent patient research to find if the toad is a celibate or a family. Surely it could not make itself so contentedly domestic year after year in our garden with none other of its kind to cheer its lonely hearth. But we have never been able to find another toad. We are divided on the question and I am a one-toad man. So firm is my conviction that I have offered a reward to the first person bringing me two toads from our garden.

This reward is to be whatever the finder may ask. When the possibilities are considered, the rashness of such an offer is all too evident. John's reward will be the normal request of a boy of his age. He thinks them out, carefully and audibly, a different desire every summer. Not that John lightly changes his mind. It grows. If the toads are not found before John shall have added fifteen more years to his thirteen, I shall be forced to kill the visible toad in self-defense. He would ask for an established business and John's thoughts are too complete to be cheap.

Hugh would ask for anything from a lollipop to a locomotive, depending upon his immediate need. I refuse to tempt Fate by guessing on Bob. But the gleam in Mary's eye, with her engaging smile as she tries me with false alarms, promises my money's worth in something interesting from my only daughter. However, I fully expect to look up some day and find Catherine standing before me like a grim Nemesis, holding a toad gingerly between each thumb and index finger. Catherine believes in paying, gallantly and graciously, but she is reasonable.

Right now, I've reason to believe she could be bought off with a new iris garden.

Our most disconcerting visitation is the small chocolate boy John carefully removed from under the golden-glow. I have years ago forgotten any desire to transplant my family and my garden into any fashionable residence district. In fact, I should as lief suggest renting out some of the children as leaving the garden. I've even come to agree that our polyglot high school is better than the fashionable schools our friends' children attend. But I would draw the line at living in the black belt. Investigation, however, proved this innocuous pickaninny the property of the maid-by-the-day at the recently converted boarding-house down the block. He is hugely enjoying himself spreading the propaganda of racial tolerance in our family.

The garden itself I should like to describe, but I can't. Nobody could. The fountain and lily pool are somewhere near the middle. They were originally in the center, but the garden has grown and they are perforce left slightly to one side. The back border is a hedge, and two tall cottonwoods with a white gate between stand in the hedge and directly back of the fountain. The walks are wider than in most gardens and there are more of them. They are graveled with sharp, shiny crushed rock, whose chief virtue, according to Catherine's grave recommendation, is that it launders so nicely. Some ailanthus-trees are scattered about where they give the most convenient shade and there are plenty of resting places. But nobody would be safe to

carry the description beyond these few permanent features. Of course, some flowers bloom where they grew in the beginning, but Catherine shifts her plants as another woman shifts furniture or trimming on dresses. The distinguishing characteristic in our garden is the curious distribution of flowers: little flowers grow under big ones in the most friendly and charming manner so that, without any crowding at all, no ground is left bare. People always blink at pansies and lobelia under the roses but, when the combination really won't work, Catherine tries another and still another. I might attempt to describe the wild-flower garden. It is a scrap-book of memories from all our family jaunts, extending from the shortest walks to our great all-American tour. But the only names I know sound like weeds and the wild-flower garden looks far otherwise.

Only once have I seen a weed in Catherine's garden. Even when I fell ill with double pneumonia, I'm sure Catherine did not neglect necessary work in the garden. I doubt if her sturdy spirit was daunted even when, on top of this, bewildered John was quarantined with whooping-cough. But when

Hugh, really our most inconvenient child, broke his leg—then Catherine gave up. For six weeks she saw her garden only from the windows.

Then a few days ago Hugh and I were allowed under the big ailanthus-tree. And when I saw a tall thistle spreading itself like the green bay-tree of the wicked, in the dahlia bed the family disruption seemed to me complete. It was the rare quality of Hugh's speechless stare that called Catherine's attention to it—for up to that time, carrying pillows and adjusting us for comfort, she had not noticed it. The pain in her eyes as she came back up the path terrified me. Then my gallant Catherine—the even tenor of whose ways I have not seen moved in twenty years, whose tears have never been shed, who would not whimper even before death itself—choking! "Hugh, I shouldn't have wanted to pull it! I shouldn't have even cared!" No need for me to ask for the other part of this incoherent statement, knowing vaguely how far I had gone in the illness that seems to hit hardest the huskiest of men. Of all precious treasures gathered in Catherine's garden, the memory of this last tribute is the most precious.

TABLE TALK

CALVIN COOLIDGE leaves the Presidency as he entered it—an inscrutable enigma. None of his biographers has yet explained the man or his motives; after seven years of expert political analysis his personality is as unfathomable as the granite of his native Green Mountains. The Washington correspondents have told us nothing; there are no letters of a Page or House to disclose his character as a leader or a human being. And we have a notion that when Mr. Coolidge writes his memoirs we shall know just as much and as little as we know to-day.

The suspicion that Calvin Coolidge is something of a genius—a taciturn, frugal, chill-blooded genius who has carried the nation in his vest pocket like a coin-silver watch for nearly two terms—breaks over us as Mr. Coolidge prepares to descend the rostrum. Few Presidents were more capable or less glorious; few have commanded such rigid obedience and received so scanty a portion of heroic acclaim or popular love. He ruled sternly, shrewdly, alone. Studying his pursed lineaments we wonder how this parochial lawyer ever generated the power to piece together the fragments of a discredited, graft-ridden régime and mold them into a durable, efficient, Coolidgean state. What superb indifference to the popular conception of a hero led him to fish with worms, ride a mechanical horse, and fail to lift his hand or eyes to the silent groups waiting for him at railway stations? What flair for the enigmatic caused him to propound his famous “I do not choose to run,” and then lapse into silence while the nation, and even party chiefs, debated his intention?

Is Mr. Coolidge a uniquely dull case of a political accident who knew enough to steer a middle course and keep his teeth together, or is he, as we begin to suspect, the ultimate extension of Yankee hoss-trading sagacity, the apotheosis of non-committal prudence and straw-colored good sense? If he hadn't been President of the United States he would have made a splendid, if rather too cautious president of a country bank. But he would have been lonely and isolated then, even as he is now.



NO ONE has yet collected the “Best Comics of 1928,” but probably a tidy sum in royalties awaits the enterprising anthologist who culls the best “funnies” of the year and puts them in book form. A rich grist of domestic satire and everyday comedy is ground out by the comic-strip artists and cartoonists in the daily papers. The satire is usually mild and good-natured enough—but it's also pretty universal. *Caspar Milquetoast*, for example, the Timid Soul of H. T. Webster's creation, is a fairly representative citizen with his little fears and inhibitions. The originator of the

garrulous *Andy Gump* is working wrist-deep in the clay of mortal male foibles. McManus's "Bringing Up Father" must chafe the frayed nerves of many a new-rich climber. Clare Briggs, Fontaine Fox, Percy Crosby and T. A. Dorgan take relishful sideswipes at American institutions, ranging from the boarding-house blusterer to the meek commuter on the 5:15. Americans don't like venom in their satires, and no successful comic-strip artist ever dips his pen in the poison of cruelty. Still, most of the comic barbs can prick the average man's skin and make him smile at the same time. Ephemeral fun and foam, these comic-strips, but we believe that an anthology of the best ones would offer a humorous and instructive critique of life Among Us Mortals.



THE appraisal of American manners, races and dialects goes brilliantly forward in literature and science. At every university, in a thousand laboratories, and in the studies of many a thoughtful writer, the indigenous aspects of American culture are being scrutinized and celebrated. We are like the young heirs of a great estate who come with assayers and recorders to survey their property, glory in its dimensions and appraise its fabulous value.

Gullah, Pueblo, and Amerindian lore, the speech of obscure swamp-dwellers, the folk-songs of Carolina and other southern hillmen and the primitive arts of New Mexico are being salvaged by Mary Austin, Du Bose Heyward, Maristan Chapman, Julia Peterkin, E. C. L. Adams, Witter Bynner and others whose names may evoke a more limited recognition. Long after H. L. Mencken is forgotten as an editor he will be gratefully remembered for his scholarly volume on the American language. Even Jim Tully is contributing something with his apocryphal tales of "shanty Irish" and transcontinental *A 1* hoboos. A few months ago Dr. Greet of Columbia University recorded on the phonograph a dozen American dialects, from which comparative studies and permanent records will be made. But with all this activity, only the bare surface has been scratched; there are great unworked veins of Americana in the glacial rock-farms of northern New York and the back counties of Tennessee. The island dwellers off the coast of Maine and the troglodytes of New Mexico must have their Egglestons, their Rileys and their Sarah Orne Jewetts before the Great American Synthesis can be attempted.



GANGS and gangsters have ceased to be glamorous literary by-products of the underworld; no longer can the movie director or the penny-a-liner seize upon Micky the Ape and Lefty Louie as rare material for his thriller. No, because Micky the Ape and ten

thousand of his confrères have become a too-harrowing reality in the lives of law-abiding commoners all over the country. Few large cities are free of the bombshell racket that stalks by day, or the machine-gun fusillade that cuts down its victim by night. Municipal police seem to be powerless to prevent gang depredations or apprehend gang leaders. Powerful gang generals, of whom Scarface Al Capone is the most flagrant example, are apparently immune from legal punishment. With their own code of extortion and reprisal they govern their well-defined territory in imperial fashion; they are a law unto themselves, and within their own borders they either flout or bribe all constituted authority.

The gang and its criminal ramifications is a malignant cancer on American municipal government. It has a forked root—police graft and bootlegging—both branches of which sink deep into the rich flesh of most flourishing cities. No mere salving over of the diseased area will eradicate the gang evil. No addition of three or four armored cars will prevent fresh assaults upon the property and honor of certain great cities. The only weapon that can clip the swollen roots of gang terrorism is the bright ax of popular rebellion. Strict accountability of the police department to a stern civic committee with powers of removal, and such modification of the Eighteenth Amendment as will make bootlegging unprofitable (hence impossible) are the two means of extirpating the gang and all its works. There are no easy, there are no other ways of accomplishing this long delayed act of social amputation.



STOCK-SWINDLERS have flourished hereabout since the days of the auriferous brick. There has always been something in our atmosphere that made *multum in parvo* sound slightly better than four per cent per annum. Well, some mighty gaseous illusions of easy money are floating over the landscape to-day, wafted upon gentle breezes generated by wildcat oratory. The "citrus grove" speech is well worth not listening to. So is the "Seawater Potash" canvass. Twenty-five per cent profit is conversative chatter with the citrus grove and potash spielers. "Double your money in three months," "Triple your original stake" are some of the glib lozenges that moisten their gilt-edged tongues. And what happens? Open your newspaper and select your own sequel. "Farmer Weeps in Court; Lifetime Savings Sunk in Cat and Rat, Ltd." The cats were to eat the rats, then their furs were to be sold as imitation squirrel. The rats were to live off the dead cats, and so forth and so on. There were millions in it, of course, until the first dividend day came around.

The line between legitimate investment and the Golconda racket is not so faintly defined that the average layman can't tell the

difference. There are no rules, and in such cases good advice is wasted anyway, but let an old campaigner warn you that when a perfect stranger offers you more than twenty-five per cent on your money, it's pretty safe to let it keep plugging along in some old fogey bank at four and one-half.



POISON gas broke up the last Geneva Conference. Peace delegates from the Christian nations of the world could not quite agree upon rules regarding the use of lethal gas in non-combatant areas, so the party adjourned in a deadlock. However, one nobly constructive suggestion made at the conference is now being tested by engineers. It seems that pipes are to be laid along city streets, high suction created, and presto—the gas is carried off! Thus thousands of women, children and non-combatants will be spared the inconvenience and incidental agony of death by gas.

Congratulations, gentlemen! You are getting on famously. Your suction-pipe ideal is worthy of a chapter in Swift or a page in Voltaire's "Zadig." Keep it up, Geneva. By all means let us have plenty of gas and a great many pipes in the next war, so that every one but the non-combatants will be perfectly satisfied and a new paragraph written into the humanization of murder.



THE difference between spirituality and religion is the difference between gold coin and paper money. In all civilized states the paper money of religion passes as legal tender, and is generally accepted at its face value. Yet how many of us realize that there must be a gold treasury of the spirit behind these tokens, else the paper money of religion is as valueless as revolutionary assignats or the notes of a Continental Congress?

Is there a gold deposit of spirituality behind the vast flotation of paper religion in the United States? The writer thinks there is not. He believes that there is not sufficient pure spirit in the world to cover one tenth of the religious currency now passing freely from hand to hand. The most he can hope is that minute traces of unalloyed gold exist in all men, deeply bedded beneath the surface lest the erosion of till and counter wear it to atoms. After all, promissory notes and commercial paper stand the daily strain better than fine gold. And ultimately, perhaps, a grain of gold redeems a ton of paper. It must be so, or else the religionists would be dealing in unsecured certificates and unredeemable banknotes.

THE AMERICAN LEGEND

Emerson, the Mouse-Trap and Advertising

ELIZABETH CORBETT

THERE was once a man who made a speech on advertising and didn't mention Emerson's mouse-trap. Some people will do anything to attract attention. But unlike Steve Brody and the lady who went over Niagara Falls in a barrel, this person has had no imitators.

Not so many years ago Emerson was simply an American classic. That is, he was crammed for college entrance examinations, and his picture—framed with five other official American poets—hung in every one hundred per cent American home to show the different styles in whiskers.

Then all at once he was elevated to the rank of stepfather of his country. Instead of depending on the shaky foundations of transcendentalism, his reputation rests securely on the springs of a mouse-trap. To be sure he is resurrected only to be contradicted. But I have yet to hear of any business office buying preferred space to contradict "Thanatopsis" or "The Children's Hour." And the spring-board is an essential part of the glorious dive, even if it is left behind on the bank.

Let me quote an average dive, italics and all, though the grammar of his immortality might have set Emerson's teeth on edge:

"An old saying, attributed to

Ralph Waldo Emerson, peer of American philosophers, reads as follows:

"If a man write a better book, preach a better sermon, or make a better mouse-trap than his neighbor, though he build his house in the woods the world will make a beaten path to his door."

"But whoever said it, was wrong. They overlooked one very important element.

"It is not enough *merely to make* a better mouse-trap—the world *must be advised* that it is a better mouse-trap—where it may be purchased, and the price.

"When the world gets his news, it will begin beating the pathway—*and not before*. So let us add to this delightful philosophy this cold commercial fact—'*provided he advertises*.'"

In other words Emerson, or "whoever said it," said only half a mouthful. As a man used to claiming the public ear he should have known better. Nothing but mice are caught even in the most efficient mouse-traps. But the whole human race is ready and waiting to be caught by catchwords.

Back in the Dark Ages, before they attributed wisdom even to "whoever said it," there was another old saying

to the effect that "Business is business." It was not an American saying. We energetic Americans could not rest satisfied with business which was simply business. We must do our best to read all life in terms of business.

Our great national industry, pastime and philosophy is selling things to each other. If the buyer were simply permitted to buy things, there would be no glory for the salesman. His athletic ideal is either to sell to a man who doesn't wish to buy, or to sell him more than he wishes to buy, or as a last resort to sell him something different. It is a manly program, and saves us from being altogether a nation of gallery.

American life is to resemble an American house in a prosperous suburb. It shall be thoroughly modern and convenient, and provided with all the necessities, including a good garage and a radio. The wisdom of our generation has enlarged our conception of what "necessities" are.

But modern houses are built without attics. Similarly in modern life there is room only for the immediately useful. The typical Victorian (poor old guy, in his day he thought he amounted to something; he didn't realize that he was created only as a horrible example for us to get away from)—the typical Victorian had an attic. He spent his dull days filling the attic with odds and ends. He refused to get rid of anything that "might come in handy." The modern would rather run the risk of needing something he has discarded than live encumbered by trash. A stark efficiency is our ideal. To be sure we can occasionally use some of

the old trash. In that case it is trash no longer, but waste material salvaged by modern methods.

Because we can put his tradition to certain practical uses, we will keep Santa Claus, in whom we expressly do not believe. Under his benevolent whiskers we will inform the public that a paid-for Christmas is a merrier Christmas, or remind them to shop early before our overstocked condition compels us to cut any prices.

But it is easier to put Santa Claus to work than it is to do without Santa Claus. When it is not an outright delusion, efficiency comes perilously near to being a figure of speech. In order to enter the action with all its batteries, efficiency must appeal not to common sense but to imagination.

And there is a deeper reason underneath. Selling things to each other would be a drawn game if we began and ended with the sale. Even selling customers the things they don't want would be an achievement on a par with deer hunting and cold plunges. People do those things indeed, but we weaker spirits have a suspicion that they do them so they can brag about them.



The point of the American scheme is making a man think he wants things. (Or making his wife think she does. It is the woman who buys, even if it is the man who pays and pays and pays.) The consumer is created, not by any old-fashioned law of supply and demand, but by conscious effort behind the scenes. Even the sucker is not born with his sucking apparatus complete. He has to have help to get that way;

and in helping him we have gone so far ahead of the business which is simply business that we have made a complete circuit of the track and caught up with it from behind.

Nowadays the sign above the door of the successful craftsman does not read simply, "R. W. Emerson, Mouse-Traps." Nor is the highway sufficiently indicated by a wooden hand pointing and the words, "World, beat a path to this door." The only proper way to handle the marketing of a better mouse-trap is to put on a real campaign. A real campaign with slogans. Oh, the warlike glory of the terms an advertising man uses every day!

The sign will read, "Have you a tiger in your home? Or does *she* fear it as if it was?" (*Was*, not *were*. We aim to suggest elegance, but the subjunctive is a little too high-hat.)

Then there must be a picture printed in full colors. Not of the mouse-trap—most certainly not of that. Probably not even of the mouse. The picture will show a lady in ravishing negligée, though of course you understand she's the man's legal wife and all that—a lady who has leaped from the terrazzo floor to the seat of a Jacobean chair, and holds her draperies high about her shapely silk-stockinged legs.

You may become the putative husband of this gorgeous creature, you may share in the titillating episode of a domestic tiger hunt, silk stockings and all, for the small sum of five cents. In our next year's campaign we plan to use in all our advertising a painting of an actual tiger, for which we are paying ten

thousand dollars to the celebrated animal painter MacSnoozle. This will be yours for next year's nickel. Whether the trap will actually catch the mouse is another matter. That you must find out for yourself.

Human nature abhors a bare fact, not only because it is hard, cold, and prickly, like sleeping directly on the springs, but because there is nothing else so preposterous. Man lives by his illusions, finding them not only pleasanter than facts, but always much easier to believe. The path of imagination is not a narrow byway reserved for the use of poets. It is the broad highroad down which we all tramp from the cradle to the grave. The very cradle and grave are figures of speech in these days of mausoleums and unrocked babies.

Take any article of everyday use. Suppose we settle on tooth-powder, which comes early in every day. Tooth-powder is a simple, gritty fact, which the faith of our fathers flavored with wintergreen, and let it go at that. But nowadays tooth-powder bids for our attention with a picture of a bathroom which Nero might have envied. Indeed it would have done very nicely for his violin practice. And on the margin of the bathroom is the inspired wash word, "A clean tooth lasts forever."

This statement is attractive for two reasons. The first is its manifest inaccuracy. For all that we have yet learned in the tepid realm of fact, a clean tooth decays just as readily as a dirty one. The second allure of the "slogan" is its promise of perpetual youth. If your clean teeth last forever, if the years pass over you without marring you, what

a glorious fate is yours! And what a fine fellow you must be to deserve such a fate!

The flat fact that "Powdered chalk is the best base for a tooth-powder" must never be suffered to rear its head. But tell a woman that if she uses your tooth-powder she will always have plenty of dancing partners "attracted by her flashing smile." Tell a man that if his teeth are brushed he will "forge ahead in business by every aid to a magnetic personality." You not only boost sales. You not only encourage cleanliness. You also open a casement on magic lands.



The most successful advertising will appeal to one or more of four human instincts: fear, vanity, sex, and "It tastes nice." Something may be said on the score of health or economy, but not much. The appeal to health has no push until it is pointed out that "Health is beauty." Then you are comfortably back on vanity. The appeal to economy is seldom worth anything except in the case of local tradesmen, and at that their customers must be women. Economy has its place among the homely virtues, but its place is out of sight. It is not interesting in itself, and it offers no point of departure for fairy-tales.

Let us play, then, on the four strings of fear, vanity, sex and appetite. These are four universal human qualities, springing direct from the two fundamental human needs, self-preservation and reproduction. But peace be with Dr. Freud. We must not come down even on the fundamentals with too flat a foot. It will never do to make

the reader of advertising feel that he is a naked and necessitous creature. We are after his money in the end. But for both his sake and ours he is to be cajoled into a feeling of power, splendor and romance.

For instance we may desire to remind him that he needs more money, which inferentially may be obtained by enrolling in our correspondence course. Our well-bred advertisement will not ask, "Are you just a jump ahead of the sheriff?" Instead it will hint, "You may be the executive the Board of Directors is looking for." It will promise, "Your wife too may ride in a limousine." Picture of marcelled lady lolling in twelve-cylinder car. Picture of "executive" at desk executing. Implied picture of an entire life passed in executing, that is in giving orders to other people and watching them work. And all this may be yours by simply cutting out a coupon.

The advertising implies that the correspondence-school lessons study themselves. But what a grateful piece of optimism this is! No wonder people turn with relief to the advertising pages of a magazine. The articles point out in detail what is wrong with the world. The fiction is timid in its optimism. But in the advertising section enthusiasm bubbles on unchecked, gushes forth over the simplest articles of everyday use or homely consumption. In each case it has to compete with all the other enthusiasm on all the other advertising pages.

Must not this enthusiasm in time strike the reader as forced? Will it not drive him grimly back on the contrast of facts as he knows them?

Not at all. It encourages people to believe what they naturally wish to believe anyhow. Man is so constituted that the useless always fascinates him; and when he chooses a useful article, the chances are ten to one that his choice is determined by some other than its useful aspect.

All "slogans" to the contrary notwithstanding, a man does not buy an automobile "for economy in taking you there." The economy argument helps him to square his conscience, and to overlook the fact that he would be taken there more economically, and with fewer chances of accident, if he went on the street-car.

But the man who buys an automobile gets not merely a device for taking him there. He gets at least four other things which are more important:

To begin with, if this is his first car, it lifts him automatically into the car-owning class. In America holding office is a mark of the inability to do anything else, and land owning is largely in the hands of people who just haven't the nerve to get off the farm. The one satisfactory social distinction is "the car."

Second, it furnishes him with a perpetual topic of conversation. If necessary, people will submit themselves to insufferable tedium and hardship merely in order to have something to talk about. As material for talk a car is even ampler than fishing, golf and the collection of antiques. Not to speak of the fact that while talking about it you can ride in it.

Third, it puts the owner in pos-

session of an elegance which he may not be able to realize in his own person. For obvious reasons this is not a "selling argument." But a lumpy man who buys a stream-line body can have vicariously all the thrills of slenderness and grace, and sit among beautiful lines without having to look at himself.

Fourth, it offers a means of escape. Within limits the car-owner is master of time and space. He can go where he chooses instead of where the railway company is willing to take him, and he is under no tension about catching the last train home.

The actual purchase of an automobile confers these benefits. In the other scale are trouble, expense and the uncertainty that accompanies any mechanical device. The one time in a hundred that you really must have the use of it is just the one time the car always chooses to break down.

But the advertising of automobiles—Ah, here is a world full of enchantments and quite innocent of drawbacks! A lovely lady in an evening cloak steps into the car after "the Opera." What visions of glory that word "Opera" evokes when you don't have to sit through it! A keen-faced chauffeur in perfect livery sits behind the wheel; and in the advertisements he never gets drunk or quits without notice or runs your car into some one else's.

In another picture the owner himself drives, and the back seat is filled with children of amazing beauty and unexampled docility. They never interrupt when Dad is speaking, or compare his car and driving unfavorably with others in their young experience. As for the women

who drive themselves through a round of shopping and matinées, they are glamour's own daughters. Glorious aloof creatures, how far they transcend the harassed housewife who hangs from a strap in a public conveyance at half past five in the afternoon, with sixteen little packages slipping from her grasp and a face betraying all too plainly that her feet hurt her.



This same nimbus of fulfilled desire is made to surround every article of daily use. By buying your usual brand of cheap cigarette you ally yourself with the keen-minded, beautifully groomed executive whose clear-cut features soften into a smile over that same cigarette on the billboards. You may drink coffee for breakfast because you don't know any other way to begin the day. But a card in the street-car links your particular brand of coffee to pictured people who have nothing to do in their elegant lives but drink coffee in choice sepia surroundings. Tomato catsup becomes the essence of summer; and it's a poet's summer, without hint of hot weather, mosquitoes or doubled laundry bills. Canned milk is the condensation of pastoral landscapes. Raisins are capsules packed with more than mortal beauty and vigor, not to speak of the seraphic piece of pie in the margin.

Of course any advertised article must be reasonably satisfactory in actual use, or advertising cannot save it. One need not be a Victorian to remember the delightful little eighteenth-century gentleman in a pigtail who used to step along his perky way in order to advertise a certain brand

of breakfast-food. He entered our American mythology, but the breakfast-food passed into limbo. The public couldn't be persuaded to eat it. They couldn't be forced to.

But even with reasonably satisfactory merchandise behind it, modern advertising sounds like more than pardonable exaggeration. It is the deliberate creation of a world of illusion. Why not let the facts speak for themselves, with a certain amount of reiteration to drive them home?

A pattern for a conservative type of advertising was furnished by a small boy I know, who decided to write a letter to a young uncle away at college. From his penmanship lessons he had derived not only the science of writing but his notion of literary style. Having managed the salutation, he found the rest a mere matter of manual labor. Down page after page he went on,

"Dear Uncle Bert,
Uncle Bert,
Uncle Bert,"

—and ended as he began, with one more repetition of the formula,

"Uncle Bert."

Advertising of this type might accomplish practical results. It would assure the public that Jones's Jim-cracks are gingersnaps, or remind them of the existence of Puffkins's Tooth Paste.

But it would be abominably dull to write, and you must remember that our advertising is written by our most successful poets. It is a wasteful rather than an efficient nation which chutes all its young poets into the advertising business.

Yet the result is not so dreadful as the young poets try to make themselves believe. The world is spared some tons of mediocre verse, with the possibility of one or two "deathless lyrics" somewhere in the heap. The young poet is spared the traditional starving in an attic, for advertising pays not only the advertiser but the copy-writer.

Also, advertising of the reiteration-of-fact type would make very dull reading. It has to be carried only one step further to become the sort of vacuum that human nature abhors.



Sometimes I have a dream in which all the advertising signs are changed by magic overnight. When the proprietors come down to business in the morning they find themselves confronted, and obliged to confront the public, with the exact truth: "Poor dressmaking done here." "We charge all the traffic will bear." "We give service if you kick hard enough." "Our ideal is easy money." "We repair what you might better throw away." "The customer is always wrong. If he weren't he wouldn't buy anything here."

If it is at all prolonged, this dream becomes a nightmare. The study of skeletons may be pleasing to an anatomist, but not even an anatomist would care to see society at large walking about in its skeletons. A sweeter, brighter world is that in which a maid just escaped from the movies wheels in a tea-cart set with a thousand-dollar silver service and Punk Cookies (fifteen cents a package at your grocer's), and a guest throws up her hands with the exclamation, "Mabel, you are the cleverest thing

to bake these wonderful cookies yourself!" Or a young husband when he first catches sight of the oilcloth rug which is his wife's idea of a surprise, cries in delight, "Why, Nell, how did we ever manage to afford this beautiful Bokhara?"

These appreciative guests and husbands are easy to deride. But secretly we all wish our guests and husbands would treat us just that way.

The old saw insists that money cannot buy happiness. But unless money does buy happiness it buys nothing. Great wealth may be stultifying—that is a danger most of us escape. But properly viewed every fifteen cents is a golden opportunity. It will buy ten cents' worth of cookies that would be dear at a nickel: but it will also buy a quarter's worth of enhancement of the ego, better adjustment to surroundings, brighter hope for the future, increased emphasis on the fact that if you want a thing badly enough you can usually get it.

Money will even buy romance. You may tub yourself with Such Soap as Cleopatra Used—for all that we know to the contrary. From your coffee-pot you may pour either an alliance with the great figures of the diplomatic world, or the charm of the ante-bellum South at its balmiest. By the purchase of our Slenderizing Stouts (we have dropped the word corset; it sounded—well, it sounded too much like corset) you will not only regain your lost youth, but you will acquire a feline grace of outline remarkable even in the slender—and unslenderized.

Fancy has become the hand-maiden of Commerce. Business is

not business at all, but fairyland. Advertising might have whacked us over the head with indisputable facts—which I take to mean facts not interesting enough to dispute. Instead it has seized the chance to build up an American folklore.

Any folklore seems trivial in the making. In his own day Bonnie Dundee was nothing but a politician, and Prince Charlie a young man who aspired to his grandfather's hat. Older myths dealt with sordid matters of crop routine and rainfall. The story might please, but the underlying idea was the crude one of making a living. Even in the fairy-tales of our childhood, the heroic third son who always succeeds where his older brothers fail was simply a reaction against the law of primogeniture; and the ever fascinating and poetic three wishes

were only a witch doctor's charm employed in lieu of science, sanitation and common sense.

Similarly our mighty mechanical civilization puts a softening halo around the grim bases on which it rests. It does not transform its servants into machines. Instead they transform the machines into symbols.

Radio and mouse-trap, tooth-paste and sanitary plumbing, will not liberate the human spirit. But the constraint they put upon it is merely the terms of the problem. The answer is not given in the back of the book. It is read between the lines of the problem itself.

In making facts look pretty we have stumbled upon a new method of interpretation. The answer to American life is the great American legend.

TIME THE TYRANT

Repeats Nothing, Restores Nothing of All Man's Hopes and Fears

LEE S. GUNTER

YESTERDAY I saw a very small, nine-year-old boy lying motionless, face downward, on a trunk. In the next room, the funeral service was being read over what remained of his mother, who had died suddenly the day before.

After a few minutes, a woman gathered the child up in her arms. His body was limp and his eyes dull, almost glazed, but not from weeping. All the processes and resources of his being were gathered within him to meet this first terrific experience of spiritual agony. The woman endeavored to comfort him with many words, notably with references to "merciful Time" and "healing Time."

Lately I have been trying to write a novel. Sometimes it went so well that it wrote itself; sometimes it would not go at all; generally it was just hard work—like anything else. Some weeks ago, at the beginning of the final section, it balked definitely, and I had to put it aside and do something else. Last night, just before midnight, I took it up again. Ideas interlocked with fitting words so rapidly that I was hard pressed to get them down fast enough. I felt no weariness, lost all track of time, borne along upon a joy and elation almost too great to endure. The final

sentence came upon the very crest of the wave. Completing it, I looked up from the paper to see the windows a strange, smoky orange. A week ago I was trapped in a burning building and I thought suffocatingly: "Fire—again—my God!" But it was not fire; only the broad morning of another day.

Here, it seemed to me, were the poles of human emotion: Fathomless anguish of grief in the face of death and loss, the "negative pole"; and the truly divine joy of creation and fulfilment, the "positive pole." And across these reflections, that kind woman's phrases about Time, cast their sinister gleam. She said that Time heals grief; but she would have been shocked inexpressibly to be told that Time "heals" joy with precisely the same facility.

Time does not heal; it only obliterates. Time takes no account of human distinctions. Joy and agony, success and failure, hope and despair, good and evil; all these are one—and nothing—to Time, the relentless, who repeats nothing, restores nothing of all man's hopes and fears.

Oh, the tyranny of Time!—of the minutes and the hours and the days and the slow nights. Of the weeks that merge resistlessly into months;

and the years that roll up as a devouring tide. "Merciful Time" to those who prefer length of days to fullness of life, and ease to insight; but bearer of loathed narcotics to all others.

For the wine of experience may not be drunk twice the same. We take the cup and we drain it, and whether it be suffering beyond the measure of speech, or whether it be joy supernal, matters little. The experience is ours—part and parcel of our brain and blood, soul and spirit, we think. And then comes Time: One minute—the vision flames; a thousand—it is no less bright. But Time knows no fatigue; feels no discouragement.

Softly and smoothly the small moments fall, each of them powerless,

making no change that we may discover. But under their impact, the flesh-fabric of Memory dissolves; the great colors, the masterful lines, dim—fade—vanish, all but. We went down to the barrier—or was it up?—and we bought, with more than our heart's blood, that which was worth the price many times over. And Time, the unregarded, steals it away, leaving in its room quiet, and ease; the common round, self-satisfaction.

I wonder what Time does with all he filches? He can have no use for what he takes. Into what vast storehouse it goes; to await what unthinkable reassembly? For it cannot be that it is dissipated, or that it will remain unused.

YOU COME TOO LATE

EVELYN BIGELOW CLARK

You come too late—my need of you is gone,
 For I have triumphed over time and pain,
 And learned of sorrow how to stand alone
 And how to smile and face the world again.
 I gave you all, in love's great Sacrament
 —My soul the wine, my heart the broken bread.
 You feasted lightly and as lightly went,
 And left me here with something in me dead.
 My life is cleansed and empty now of grief;
 I rise again—the pride of life is strong
 And in the place of love and old belief,
 Courage goes marching with a merry song.
 Come in my friend, but do not hope to find
 A trace of anything you left behind.

OAK

The Symbol of a Stalwart Nobility

WILSON FOLLETT

"**A**ND if it ever does go through," the old man would say passionately, "—if we ever do get that route put by here, and mail coming every day to our very door in a government wagon, I tell you what: the first day that wagon comes down this road, I shut up the doors of my shop, and I walk up this lane, and I open the box, and I take out my Boston paper and sit right down on the grass here, with my back up against that elm-tree, and I read that paper through from the first head-line clean on to the want ads—and let anybody stop me that can! That's what I calculate to do, and I'll do it, too—if it's ten o'clock in the forenoon!"

Joel Ames Edwards could not remember when he had first heard Grandfather Alonzo Ames talk hopefully about the mail route that had not yet come. Joel was eleven now. From the age of six he had spent all of every summer on his grandfather's farm. All that time he had heard his grandfather speak of the day when the mail would come along their road in a government wagon.

When the old man touched on this subject, a trace of pardonable exaggeration came into his speech. "To our very door," was his inexact phrase. The mail would actually be

deposited in a box on a post at the edge of the road; and Grandmother would be the one to step forth from the side door and peer into the box. Joel could see her doing this, her blue apron thrown up over her head if it were raining.

He couldn't, himself, quite take in the importance of the consummation which was to them so very important. Nevertheless, his grandfather succeeded in communicating to Joel a vicarious excitement about the mail route. The boy mightn't himself have any use for mail, daily or other, delivered "to our very door" or fetched from the post-office. But he did adore his grandfather; and what was important to that austere white-bearded old man was going to be important to his grandson, once he caught a glimmer of its existence. Alonzo Ames had contrived to make the mail route so momentous to the boy that it sometimes entered into his dreams on the winter nights when he was at home in town.

Grandfather Ames built wagons. Down the lane through the orchard, in the valley traversed by the brook from the pond, there was a wheelwright shop, with power from a water-wheel at the dam, and ten steps from it was the tiny blacksmith shop. Grandfather Ames built the

wagons out of oak grown on wooded acres of his own, and out of iron hammered to the solidity of his own ideal on his own anvils, with hammers that he had also made. Every afternoon at ten minutes of five, he stopped his operations, harnessed gray Dolly into the democrat-wagon, and set out for the village, to get—with whatever kitchen provisions were on Grandmother's list—the mail.

"Bring me a letter from Daniel, 'Lon," Grandmother would nearly always call after him. She would be standing by the well, her hand shading her eyes if it were sunny, the blue apron flung up over her head if there were a drizzle.

Joel always went with his grandfather on this ride. It was three miles and seventeen rods from the curb of the well-house to the grain platform of Fred V. Jenkins (Hay, Grain, Feed, Hardware, Provisions, General Merchandise—POST-OFFICE). Grandfather had measured it more than once, with a piece of white flannel tied to the rim of his near wheel. The total for fifty years ran into miles—"more than a small fortune if you had it in dollars," Alonzo Ames would say.

There were other ways in which Joel's young mind was charged with the details of his grandfather's precision about everything. He knew that the giant sledge-hammer had a head weighing seventeen pounds two ounces, and that when it stood on that head in its corner the tip of the handle was exactly thirty-six inches from the floor. He could never forget the bet he saw his grandfather win in the blacksmith shop with that hammer—a bet to which Alonzo Ames was no party—by grasping the

tip of the handle and turning it a slow, unhurried full circle through horizontal to vertical and on clear round to its original position, by the sheer inexorable power of a forearm tanned like bacon. Precision tinged the old man's memory of his own handiwork. He knew the age of any wagon he had made, as he did that of any acquaintance, by its birth-date. This very democrat-wagon in which they daily went for the mail he had built in the winter of 1884—"Your mother was eleven then, my boy."

The express-wagon, which they took on days when sacks of grain had to be brought, was older—1878. And the heavy blue farm-wagon, used for rough work on the place, that was the oldest of all, 1873; and, in its fresh paint and newly set tires, the newest looking.

It was not, though, the oldest of Grandfather's extant creations. One day when he and Joel drove on an errand that took them along the back road, they met a battered, paintless, and down-at-heels farm-wagon wobbling noisily behind a cadaverous horse, the seedy driver of which mumbled greetings through a tobacco-stained beard. Grandfather scrutinized the outfit from narrowed gray eyes. "I built that in 1867," he said when it had passed. And, after a silence: "Joe Littlepage never did take any care of things—any more than of himself." He looked unaccountably grave and absent, and said no more for a long time. Joel, somehow, never dared to say anything when his grandfather looked like that.

At Jenkins's, Grandfather would do the errands on his list. Joel would

scamper across the road to play with the minister's two sons until they saw, at the center of its moving cloud of dust, the mail-wagon posting over the hill into the main street of the village. He would then scuttle back to the store, because he liked, when the sacks were opened behind the post-office partition of glassed boxes, to see the mail pop into this compartment and that, with a special eye to his grandfather's Number 31, and a specially jealous catch of the breath whenever a letter or journal apparently aimed at this target shot instead into 29 or 33.

Joel was not the only one who experienced a tension during these few minutes, or who was fascinated by the speed with which Mis' Stella Harcourt performed these familiar motions. The talk, at other times animated, dwindled to murmurs. Every one stood in a huddle about the delivery wicket. Women who had come in to make purchases gave their orders self-consciously and slipped out as if they were being stared at. It was a species of rite, this sorting of the mail. When it was completed and the wicket shot up, the atmosphere changed on the instant. A discomfort suddenly melted. It was like the change of pitch on getting out of Sunday-morning meeting.

"Well, my boy, I guess we can go along home now, can't we?" Grandfather would say, as if it were Joel who had kept the expedition waiting. A yoke of oxen couldn't have started his grandfather home until the mail was in. Once, when the mail-wagon had had a hot-box coming across Chiswick Flat, they had waited until Fred Jenkins had to pull down and

light the swinging kerosene lamps with tin reflectors. Grandmother had set a lighted hand-lamp in the kitchen window, but she herself sat in the dark of the sitting-room, to watch for their carriage-lamp. Grandfather charged the delay to anything and everything but its real cause; the lateness of the mail slipped in at the end, as a kind of after-thought. "Oh," said Grandmother Ames. She had lived with Alonzo Ames since 1859.

Ordinarily the mail was on time for all practical purposes. In the democrat-wagon, jogging down the main street to the Burnt Swamp turn, Grandfather would edge the Boston paper open with his right hand, the reins lying in his left, and look at the weather predictions, with a judicious after-glance at the sky. And if it were a Presidential year, or there were an important anti-trust suit going on, or some great public disaster had left yesterday's reader in suspense, he would pass the reins over to Joel and let him hold them for perhaps a mile, though with half an eye on the road. Grandfather was one of those Olympian, incomprehensible beings who not only read the editorial page, complete, but could actually see sense in political cartoons.

It was Grandfather's theory that the newspaper should be taken in by Joel and put by the two-burner reading-lamp, and that the letters should stay in his own coat-pocket (the coat lying on the wagon seat) until he had resumed the coat for supper. "Let all things be done decently and in order," he would quote. Grandmother, on the other hand, wanted to know whether

there were letters; and if there were any for her, she wanted them. She would go out to the barn, always ask the same definite questions, always receive the same non-committal answers from Grandfather, and end by fishing the letters out of the pocket for herself. Thus she got her letters, and Grandfather got the satisfaction of airing his theory once more—including, for good measure, the dictum that women, who always resolved a newspaper into its sections instead of reading it in one piece, weren't fitted by nature to cope with anything less than a bound book.

If there were, for Grandmother, mail from Uncle Daniel or Aunt Sarah, or from Joel's mother, she would open it at once and, standing in the open barn door, read it first then and there by the late afternoon light. But if there were an envelop in an unrecognized hand, she would guess at its identity, hold it up to the lamplight, and make the meal a conclave of joint speculation.

After supper, Grandfather sat down by the reading-lamp in his great easy-chair and folded the Boston paper neatly open at the editorial page. And then Joel and Martha Ames, the boy of eleven and the wisp of a grandmother, suddenly became of exactly an age and put in an hour giggling together. For Grandfather Ames no sooner began to read than he began to go to sleep. He went to sleep with greater and greater frequency as the hour passed—his eyes glazing as he stared at the print, his head and his lids drooping simultaneously, until in the end his head nodded low enough to snap him awake with a jerk. Joel and his grandmother thought it immensely

funny. They never tired of it, and by the end of the hour their joy would approach hysteria. As soon as he began to droop they gazed at him with a fascinated excitement; when he began to nod, they grinned at each other, choking; when the culminating nod came and his head jerked upright, a look of surprised, slightly injured dignity on his countenance, they giggled outright. And Alonzo Ames never minded this. It was the one occasion in life on which Joel dared laugh overtly at the one living man whom he perfectly feared, and loved to fear. Grandfather Ames would smile a sheepish and kindly smile. "Well, my boy, I guess it looks as if I'd gone about fur enough for one day."

And before Joel was asleep in the great carved four-poster upstairs, he would hear Grandfather wind the shelf-clock in the sitting-room—twelve burring turns with the key shaped like a crank, worn smooth by fifty years of the same thumb.

Joel half saw why it was that men would sometimes drive eight and ten miles to get Alonzo Ames to file a saw for them, and be actually pleased if they had to wait half the morning for it. It wasn't altogether the manifest superiority of the work done by a man who couldn't bear to do anything with mere average competence.

That such a man could be left wanting R. F. D. the way his grandfather did—that any government on earth could know that he wanted it and still not break a leg to give it to him—was more than Joel could get through his eleven-year-old head.

One night toward the middle of August there was excitement. Joel

and his grandfather had been late starting for the post-office, and it was dusk when, in the middle of Burnt Swamp, they met Abijah Ray driving home in his buggy. "Well, she's come!" Abijah sang out in his high, throaty whine. "Got my notice right here"—he slapped a coat-pocket—"and you're a-goin' to git yourn, 'Lon. They're all a-readin' of 'em, back there." He gestured with his whip in the direction of the village.

Grandfather looked at him with a kind of rigidity—the look that made people translate their excitement into such diction as would entitle a man of dignity and sense to recognize that something had been said.

"The mail route," Abijah amplified. "The R. F. D. She's a-comin' sure, this time. Tells you what kind of a box to git, 'n' where to locate her, 'n' all about it."

Grandfather gave a hardly audible whistle. Then his excitement partly wilted, and he asked: "Does it say *when*, 'Bije? *When's* the point interests me. A promise from the government is like a promise from a woman: not much good except she names the day. I've heard from the government afore now, 'Bije, on one account and another, and I sometimes think the government goes on the principle of Neill Gillson, that was comin' to fix my chimney. He was comin' the Monday, and when I caught him on the Wednesday and taxed him with it, he says: 'Wall, I kind o' figgered 'twas a mean man that wouldn't even promise.'"

Abijah Ray scratched his head slowly. "No, it don't say *when*, eggsackly," he admitted, "but it says we'll be give notice when they're ready to begin."

Grandfather had recovered his casualness. "Oh, well, then, it don't mean a thing," he assured the other. "You can set your heart easy, 'Bije. I guess Burdick is just plannin' on bein' reëlected, and gettin' out some campaign literature." Burdick was the Congressman of that district. "If I was you, I wouldn't lose no sleep over it till they name the day. S'long, 'Bije."

He clucked to gray Dolly. "Some folks just naturally believe everything they're told," he said to Joel, after awhile. Nevertheless, he coaxed Dolly to a pace that made her turn her head back several times, as if her feelings were hurt. At the post-office, Grandfather did not open the long, thick envelop which had come, under the government's frank, into his box; but he did join the group of his country neighbors who were reading their identical inclosures to each other, with a fusillade of questions and speculations. Also he borrowed Fred Jenkins's mail-order catalogue, a volume endlessly fascinating to Joel because of its illustrated pages of fishing-tackle, firearms and boats. That night Grandfather spread out the mail-order catalogue by the lamp; and when he had conned it, he got out a quire of ruled writing-paper and, with inexorable and slow method, indited, signed, sealed, directed and stamped a letter. To Grandmother's legitimate curiosity his replies were neatly evasive. But Joel, after he had heard the clock wound, heard the rumble of Grandfather Ames's voice from the kitchen bedroom, punctuated now and then with intervals which would mean that Martha Ames was being meekly vocal.

And ten days later came the resplendent new aluminum-painted mail-box with a door at one end, a red signal-flag to hoist, and the word "Ames" in bold black capitals. Grandfather did not open the package at the store. But when, at home, it was unwrapped, he set it in the glow of the reading-lamp, and both he and Grandmother spent so much time looking at it that once more the old man forgot to put on his usual entertainment. And once more Joel lay awake to the rumble of his grandfather's voice.

He awoke to early morning light and the most magical sound of his young world: the *clink-clink*, *clink-clink*, musical and metallic, of the water-wheel penetrating the rush of the unchained water that drove it. This was another of the things, connected with Alonzo Ames, of which Joel's consciousness had begun much farther back than his memory could reach. It was the sound that filled, as a tapestried background, all his specially beautiful dreams; but let its actuality begin when he was within earshot, and it would pull him unceremoniously up from the seventh stratum of a boy's sleep. On this sunny morning he answered the magnetic call in two garments, with a conscientious pause at the back kitchen sink for dabs at his teeth and hair before he fled barefoot down the orchard path, the dew cold on his toes. He had to lie prone for a moment on the plank bridge across the brook-trench and peer back under, where in the redoubled rush of shadowy waters from the opened gate the small mud-pickerel struggled to keep from making tailway. But it

was a shorter moment than usual. Running on, he came to where his grandfather stood by the huge power grindstone at the side of the shop, putting on to the newest, shiniest and sharpest of his axes an edge that was nothing less than sacramental.

"Hello, my boy. Up so soon, eh?" It was the fashion of his instinctive delicacy to ignore the spell which his water-run machinery and its noises had always exerted upon his grandson. He never twitted younger folk with their shy enthusiasms.

Joel did not see how any human being could dream of the possibility of improving the razor edge of this particular ax. Yet here was Grandfather pressing it against the huge stone with the gentle rotatory twist of which he was master, then rubbing off with a horny thumb the drops of rust-red water which the bright blade collected from the dripping spigot in the bucket above, then pressing some more. He couldn't have taken more subtle pains with this edge if he had been the King's chief executioner preparing to escort the Lord High Chancellor to the block.

"Well, my boy, shall we shut the gate?" he said at last. This "we" was the special dispensation that, perhaps three times in a summer, let Joel touch true sublimity. He darted into the back shop, flung himself over the lathe-bench, and seized the long handle that projected diagonally from the wheel-house into the far corner of the room. As he pulled it back and forth in slow strokes, closing inch by ratcheted inch the heavy water-gate at the flume, the *clink-clink*, *clink-clink* of the wheel slowed down—slowed down—stopped. The swish and tumult of waters in the

walled trench dwindled too, until it was only the regular trickle of the brook through crevices of the dam. Down under their shaded home of plank bridge, the small mud-pickereel would now lie quiet again among the leaning weeds, their noses still pointed upstream. There was a deafening quality in the sudden silence, through which he heard, from the front shop, the silken-and-velvet whisper of the ax-blade taking its ultimate polish from the whetstone that always lay on the tool-bench.

For what? It was clear, at breakfast in the kitchen, that Grandmother knew all about it. Presently she drew Joel out into the back kitchen and, from the full cookie-jar, a huge crock, thrust upon him a great double handful of yesterday's hermits. "There, Joel: you'll want to be going along with your grandfather, and I want you should take these." And he had to find his coat, for pocket-room.

His grandfather had trundled the farm-wagon out the sliding door into the yard and removed its seat. He was harnessing Dolly on the barn floor. Now he backed her skilfully between the shafts and buckled the traces. The ax and a cross-cut saw were lying on the floor of the wagon, the head of the ax wrapped in a burlap sack. Grandfather had hung his jumper on one of the stakes. With the reins, he climbed in himself, over the wheel. Dolly stood; and tonguetied Joel, standing at the corner of the well-house, felt his heart begin to thump with a kind of small ache.

Grandfather Ames looked at him, grave, unsmiling. "Well, my boy —?" he said.

Joel snatched up his bulging coat

from the well-curb. "Oh, can I? Can I go?" He climbed in, hung his coat on another of the stakes, and stood behind Grandfather, bracing himself for the lurch of the start. They were off down the lane, Dolly holding back against the grade and letting them delicately over the thank-you-marms. There came the second of delicious rumble on the hollowness of the bridge; then they began to climb gently over rougher going, through a broad pasture grown up with sumach, over an outcropping of sun-warmed ledge at the crest of the rise, and down among swishing bushes. They stopped at a pair of bars at the edge of thick woodland. Joel hopped down to open the bars, and tugged them back into place when the wagon had rolled through into the sudden coolness and dimness.

The wood-road descended, becoming mossy and boulder-strewn, so that the farm-wagon tilted crazily. Soon Joel began to hear a whispering like distant wind. It turned rapidly into a subdued roar, and in another minute they were fording the bush-grown wasteway, where among cardinal-flowers, cat-o'-nine-tails, and huge rocks the overflow of the pond made its own labyrinth of channels back into the main stream below. The water swirled round the hubs. Dolly stopped midway, knee-deep in enjoyment; Grandfather let her stand. Then they pulled up a sharp rise into clear and level woodland, bore in a wide curve to the north, and left the wood-road for a sunny clearing set about with oak and maple second growth, older, Grandfather remarked, than the

farm-wagon of 1873. They had been working round to the far side of the pond and in toward its shore, in the area from which, every winter, Grandfather hauled his next winter's firewood across the ice to the circular saw at the shop.

Any man living within a twelve-mile radius, if he had a smattering of woodsmanship, would have said on entering this clearing, "Alonzo Ames." His ax took down every tree flush to the ground, and every cut looked like the work of a saw. All the brush of a winter's cutting was brought into one pile at the center, and on next season's snow it would be burned, leaving the place clean-shaven.

They drove across it now, toward a gleam of blue and sun-sparkle which Joel could make out through the fringe of forest. And suddenly he noticed a single straight oak standing twenty yards from the margin of the cleared space. Last winter's cutting had gone around without touching it. Like trees that have grown in a company, but not too thickly, it went up straight and far without branching, and showed to the most casual glance the stalwart nobility that trees conceal as long as they are crowded.

By this oak Alonzo Ames stopped Dolly and the wagon of 1873; and his silent upward scrutiny verified calculations from data that were, to an eleven-year-old grandson, invisible. Satisfied, he clambered out over the wheel and snapped the hitching-weight to Dolly's bridle.

"Hand me the ax, my boy," he said. And then, as Joel did so, unwrapping it, "You better stand here, I guess." He indicated a place to

which his chips could not fly—redoubtable chips, edged almost like the ax-blade itself, and of a weight and speed to stun.

The old man braced his feet apart, settled into his stance, and swung the ax—a free, leisurely, loose-jointed motion that had behind it the two hundred and ten pounds' weight of a terrific bodily efficiency. The stroke pealed and echoed from that sap-filled butt and among the August foliage, but with a more muffled decisiveness than if it had been winter, when trees were leafless and the wood brittle with cold; *then* an ax spoke out with an inflection like the crack of a rifle. Joel watched, with fascinated eyes, the incision itself. Each massive chip that came out raised into slight relief the line of its cleavage, a precise demarcation of the blade on gleaming wood; and each next stroke erased this line and raised another farther in. Always, it seemed, there must be one of these welts left; there was no possible way to smooth down the last of them. But Joel had no more than formulated this thought when the last of them vanished: his grandfather paused, and the boy suddenly realized that the two planes of the incision had met in an angle exact and sharp, half-way through the great butt. His grandfather was not even breathing deeply. But Joel was suddenly astonished to find that he had been holding his own breath. He gasped for air like a swimmer coming up after a long dive.

With hardly a shift of his position Alonzo Ames began to send a wedge of daylight into the tree from the other side, to meet the first. Joel moved over slightly, behind him, to a position better for seeing. His grand-

father, warmed up to the work now, and perhaps a little intoxicated with the exultant play of his own muscles, added an insistent speed to his precision. The chips flew out in a curving stream. Joel's eyes blurred in the effort to trace the progress of the cut; every one of the rain of strokes changed its shape. It was axmanship to make a boy think that his grandfather, had he been so minded, could have sawed the tree through at its butt and then chopped it down above the cut, in the seconds before it would have fallen.

Suddenly Grandfather Ames stepped two paces back from his work and stood leaning on the ax. Joel darted a quick look up. The top branches waved quivering across a small arc of sky, paused on a speck of fluffy cloud, waved again, and reeled into a wide sinking curve of gathered speed. Then, an instant of superb concussion from the midst of a rending crash of upper branches borne down, and Grandfather's quieting voice, "Whoa, Dolly—whoa, mare!"

The butt had come free. A flick of the ax knocked off the row of fine splinters left across the center of the stump. It was flat as a plate, with the one thin faint ridge straight across its center where the two cuts had met.

With his folding pocket-rule Grandfather measured off nine feet from the butt and nicked the bark with his ax. With the cross-cut saw he and Joel took off this nine-foot section. Grandfather backed the farm-wagon up to it, heaved the butt up until it rested on the tail of the body, and slid the great log in. Then he trimmed off the upper

branches and, with saw and ax, worked the rest up into firewood of sizes for the air-tight stove in the shop. Joel, when not pulling at the saw, was adding to the brush-pile, stowing wood in the wagon, and filling the burlap sack with gleaming chips.

In what seemed to him no time at all, the ground held hardly a trace of their work except the white circle of fresh wood on the stump, left to tell in its concentric rings the tale of a fine tree's span of years in that place.



It was a full year before Joel deciphered the meaning of their expedition. That it had to his grandfather a kind of ceremonial purport had been implicit in the very air of the occasion. The destruction of a growth older than Alonzo Ames himself had been accomplished in a way that denied its destructiveness, invested it with the gravity of a requiem or of a dedication.

After their work was done, Grandfather had put on his jumper and strolled toward the shore; and there he and Joel had sat for half an hour on the high bank, sniffing the scent of water-lilies and watching the occasional flying leap of a pickerel. Grandfather had even been so indulgent as to accept one of Joel's hermits.

Back at the shop, the old man had squared off the butt of the tree with the circular saw, measured and marked off a square centered on the heart of the log, measured and marked off a similar but smaller square at the other end of the nine-foot piece, set the guides on the sawing-table, and run the saw four times lengthwise through the log,

trimming off bark and pulp-wood and leaving a nicely tapered rough obelisk. But this he shoved up on to the strong tie-beams under the roof of the back room, where the choicest of his wagon timber lay seasoned or seasoning; and there, for all Joel knew to the contrary, he forgot it.

The boy, with all the relatives who could come, was at the farm for Thanksgiving; and again, alone, for the week after Christmas. Then he had four more days there in mid-February, when Grandfather was hauling wood across the ice; on one of them, they burned up the brush-pile to which, last August, they had added the waste of the oak-tree. More than once, warming himself between forays on the ice or into the woods, Joel had fed the shop stove with huge chips or a billet of wood from that same tree. Once he had the temerity, swallowing hard, to say, "*We* got this wood, grandpa." Alonzo Ames just smiled at him. More than once, Joel sat on the edge of the sawing-table with his feet in the great pile of sawdust, looking up at the obelisk, still seasoning on the tie-beams. He wished that his grandfather would notice this and volunteer some explanation.

June came and Joel, grown like a weed, and with another year of civics and geography behind him, picked up the mail-wagon at Chiswick station, rode the five miles to the village, threw his suit-case into the democrat-wagon at Jenkins's grain platform, and took possession of the right end of the seat. And there he was sitting when his grandfather came out of the post-office with the Boston paper and some letters.

His grandmother was standing on the porch watching the bend. "Well, Joel," she said when she kissed him, "I filled the cookie-jar this morning." It was all just as it had been every year, just as he wanted it always to be.

After supper he rambled about the place by the last hour of daylight. One of the first spots he visited was the back room of the shop. Grandfather's rough-sawed oak obelisk was still in its place. Joel saw by the remains of the pencil marks on the darkening wood that it had been given a quarter-turn since last he had noticed.

At the beginning of the dry August following, Alonzo Ames began to complain of feeling poorly. Even on cool days, at his work in the shop, he would frequently pause to wipe a beaded forehead with a blue bandana. At meals in the kitchen Joel noticed that big drops would form one after another at his wrists, run down to his elbows as he plied knife and fork from his low rush chair, and tumble to the floor, making a little darkened spot on the maple boards at each side of his place. Several times the boy overheard, in Grandmother's mild expostulatory voice, the word "doctor"; and each time his grandfather was ever so slightly testy and short with her, so that she soon relapsed into a life-long habit of keeping her worries to herself.

Toward the close of a suffocatingly hot afternoon, during the last hour of which Joel had seen the blue bandana more frequently than ever, Grandfather closed the shop half an hour earlier than usual, and plodded up the lane to the house so very slowly that it seemed as if it had been for this

that he had allowed the extra time. Instead of turning into the barn he crossed the porch to the sitting-room door and went in. Martha Ames appeared with frightened eyes at the doorway to the kitchen.

"I feel kind of poorly, Marthy," said Grandfather. "I don't know how it comes I mind the hot weather so much more'n I ever did. Guess I'll have to lie down a minute before I harness up." He stretched himself out supine on the hair-cloth lounge by the three windows, breathing hard.

Grandmother made no comment. He relaxed and closed his eyes, and she went back to the kitchen. When, nearly an hour later, she heard Grandfather beginning to stir, she hurried to him. "Lon," she said, "I want you shouldn't do any more to-day. Here's Joel wants to walk up to the village. He's going to fetch the mail. And the other things—we don't need—"

Grandfather was on his feet now, swaying a little. With her first words he had sunk back for a moment on the pillow, but her mention of the mail seemed to goad him. "No, no," he said with severity. "Now you just hold your hosses, Marthy. When I get so's I can't harness Dolly and drive three miles and seventeen rods for the mail, I'll be older'n I be now."

He stopped at the side door, his hand on the latch, and turned. "I tell you what, though," he said with emphasis. "If that mail route of theirs ever gets put through, and we have a government wagon bringing the mail every day—to our very door—I don't care if I never *see* the inside of Fred Jenkins's store for weeks at a time."

He stopped at the edge of the porch and turned again. "And I tell you one other thing," he added. "The first day I see that mail-wagon come down this road, I shut up the doors of that shop, and walk up that lane to the box, and take out that Boston paper o' mine, and sit right down on the grass there with my back up against the tree, good and comfortable, and read that paper through from murders to advertisements—before any womenfolk get it all sorted to pieces and scattered round the house," he added bitterly. "And I'd just like to see any one stop me." Joel saw his grandmother shake her head to herself, in a sad sort of bafflement.

And that was the night of the great tidings.

They were late in getting started; and when, as once before, they met Abijah Ray in the midst of Burnt Swamp, they saw that he had begun to brandish his arms wildly. "Well, she's a-named the day!" he yelled in his throaty whine, even before the wagons were abreast. He slapped his pocket. "I guess Burdick gits your vote now—hey? You set right still till a week f'm Thursday an' keep your eyes glued up that there road, an' you'll see that mail-wagon comin' round the turn sure's your name's Alonzo Ames. She's a-named the day!" He chuckled and flicked his chestnut mare with the whip.

"Well, you needn't to act as though you'd invented the whole mail system," Alonzo Ames flung after him. And then, to Joel, "It's always the empty wagon makes the most racket."

In the post-office there was the same vociferous group, exclaiming

over a second batch of franked envelops. The first delivery to Route Number 4 would be on Thursday the 14th; and with the formal personal notices was a duplicate of the earlier printed instructions, which by this time even Joel knew by heart—the box to be of such-and-such a type and size, mounted at so many inches' height not more nor less than so many inches from the side of the road. And, yes, Grandfather's notice was in his box, along with the Boston paper of that morning.



On the drive home and through the belated supper, the old man still breathed a little queerly and continued to produce the blue bandana; but he had forgotten that he was feeling poorly. And the next morning promptly after breakfast he led Joel back, without a word said on either side, to the subject of subjects. When the boy appeared in the front shop, a few minutes behind his grandfather, the nine-foot obelisk was laid out on the bench with elaborate and exact pencil markings, and Grandfather had the blade out of the largest of his planes and was giving it a final touch of the whetstone.

He planed all four of its surfaces down to his marks, the long shavings curling out over his right hand on the knob of the tool. Then he laid the post out on two saw-horses, and he and Joel sandpapered it to a satiny smoothness. After that he carried it into the back room and arranged it on the bed of the turning-lathe, tightening the clamps at each end.

"Well, my boy—think we can run the wheel just a *leetle* while?" It was six weeks since they had had any rain to speak of, and the pond was

low. For two weeks now his grandfather had been turning away all work that needed the water-power.

Joel vaulted over the bench and began to pull the long handle back and forth. There was a gurgle and rush of water as inch by inch the heavy gate came open. The wheel began to turn, the main shaft to revolve. The whole inside of the shop became a whirr of machinery, and through it came the clink-clink, clink-clink of the turning wheel, accelerating to its full speed. Grandfather forced a broad cowhide belt from one shining drum to another, using a wagon-spoke. Then the old man pulled a handle, and at once the nine-foot post was whirling on its axis so fast that it appeared as a round column.

Grandfather laid a chisel of special shape against the rest and, calculating the angle nicely, pressed it against the wood at a marked point some seven inches from the smaller end—in and in, amid tiny flakes of chips that rattled like hail against the tin shield. He moved the chisel toward the right, relaxing his pressure; then still farther to the right, leaning more of the weight of his body against it. And the smaller end of the wooden shaft turned into a ball of the utmost perfection of roundness, under the magic of this free-hand drawing done in spinning oak.

"I guess that's about all the water we can take, my boy," said Alonzo Ames. "The sandpaper'll do the rest—not so quick, mebbe." Joel leaped to the handle and shut the water-gate. A little later they left the post on its pair of saw-horses, the upper half in its first coat of white lead, the lower blackly tarred.

That was Wednesday. A week from to-morrow! On Saturday, Grandfather returned to the post and gave it the second coat. On Sunday, for the first time since the Saturday blizzard of eleven winters before, he did not go to church. Joel went, though, on foot—to tell Dr. Angell that his grandmother needed him for his grandfather. Alonzo Ames had not even tried to get out of bed that morning, and Joel and his grandmother had managed his morning chores.

It was, said the old doctor, more than a touch of malaria. He left some medicine, careful directions, and a clinical thermometer. He would be back to-morrow.

On Monday he said that on no account was Alonzo Ames to set foot out of bed for at least three days after his temperature was normal, whenever that might be. And—he would be back to-morrow.

“But, doctor,” said the old man, with the querulousness of one who has had a long time to forget what it is to be ill, “Thursday—”

“Tell yourself the world is coming to an end Wednesday midnight,” said Dr. Angell drily.

An hour later Martha Ames said, “Your grandfather wants to speak to you, Joel. Don’t let him talk much if you can help it.”

The boy went to the door of the kitchen bedroom. His grandfather smiled at him from the pillow, but he looked, somehow, shockingly wearied and wasted, and his grandson had a fleeting impression that whole weeks of illness had trampled him in the two days since Saturday.

“Something I wish you’d do for me, my boy,” said Grandfather.

“This touch of malarial—be all right to-morrow. But we must have the paint dry in time, mustn’t we?”

“You put on the third coat. Post’s right there on the saw-horses—you know. Pot of white lead in the corner. Mix it up good—take you longer than the painting, if you do it right. Same brush—and put it back in the turpentine. Soak the brush good in the paint before you—”

“Yes, Grandpa,” said Joel. “I know just how to do it. I’ll do it the very best I can.” He was off like a shot. It was the first time in his life that he had known Alonzo Ames to delegate the most trifling detail of that work by which he was himself to be judged. What a terrific responsibility! Impatient as Joel was to feel the brush gliding in long, smooth strokes, and to have the job over and stand off admiring and criticizing it, he stirred and stirred the white lead until his forearm ached. He proved the paint and practised his stroke on a meaningless plank.

He went for the mail on foot. That night after supper his grandmother tiptoed to him and said, “Your grandfather wants to know if you got the post painted, Joel. I think he’d like best for you to tell him. But don’t let him talk much, if you can help it.”

Joel went again to the bedroom door. “I painted the post, Grandpa,” he said shyly. “I thought it looked pretty good—not as good as what you would do, of course, but—”

“Thank you, my boy,” said Alonzo Ames; and Joel could see him smiling feebly from the pillow, in the dimness.

His grandmother said that, if Grandfather were not better to-

morrow, he must borrow a bicycle and ride to Chiswick to get his mother to come over for a few days. There was a brooding oppression upon the house, with its master flat on his back for the first time in forty years. But Tuesday, in spite of one chill, Alonzo Ames seemed a great deal better. And when, Wednesday, Joel went the third time for the mail, he reported to Dr. Angell that Grandfather's temperature had been normal all day. "Well, tell him not to forget that extra vacation in bed," said the doctor. "I'll stop Friday, and you let me know if you want me before."

At the first gray of Thursday, in the thick of a dream of queerly babbling voices, Joel came awake to the discovery that he was being shaken—as violently, it seemed, as his grandmother's frail strength could manage. "Joel, wake up—wake up, Joel," she was saying between shakes. He sat up and rubbed his eyes. Martha Ames, in a quilted dressing-gown, was wringing her hands and moaning. "Oh, Joel, your grandfather—"

Joel's first confused thought, so unnerving to him was this abandonment to distress, was that his grandfather had died in the night. But she was tugging at his wrist now, sobbing the while. "Look, Joel—look!" She led him stumbling across the upper hall to where a sharper light flooded through the east window overlooking the road. "I can't do anything *with* him," she wailed. "Joel, *you* go."

Alonzo Ames, in brown overalls and jumper, was out on the lawn under the giant elm. Beside him was

a wheelbarrow filled with tools; and on the grass lay the oak post, the shaft and surmounting ball vivid against the grass, like a birch-stem among pines. From a circle of lawn at the very edge of the road he had cut the turf, and this turf was neatly piled at the foot of the tree. The old man was driving a spade into the brown earth that he had laid bare.

"Go, Joel!"

He was half-way down the creaking stairs in his two garments, when it flashed into his mind that his feet were not very well equipped for the tussle that was coming. He ran back and slipped on, without stockings, his toughest shoes.

His grandfather, shoveling earth and stones into a pile by the roadside, flung a mere glance over his shoulder without pausing.

"Let me do it, Grandpa," Joel begged; and again, "Come, Grandpa—let *me* take the shovel." No answer. "*Won't* you go lie down, Grandpa? Just a little while? You know Dr. Angell said—and Grandma, she's—"

His grandfather wheeled on him with so stern a forbearance that Joel knew, with sinking, that there was no hope, that there never had been any hope. If the old man had raged at him, bellowed, or even stopped to phrase an argument, there might have been a dim chance to persuade or cajole him. But no one in his senses ever tried to pit himself against Alonzo Ames in the obstinacy of this frozen quietude. "My boy," he said, one foot on the spade ready for the next stroke, "you better tell your grandmother we'll be wantin' breakfast, come seven o'clock. And I guess we'll all be needin' to save our

breath to cool our porridge." He drove the spade in with finality.

Joel found his grandmother walking up and down the sitting-room. "He won't pay any attention, Grandma," he said. "You know how he is—like iron. Or oak. But *don't* worry, Grandma: he seems lots better. Really he does. Maybe it's doing him good. Maybe it's just what he needs. Maybe he knows better than Dr. Angell." She smiled a wry and forlorn smile. "I'm going to stay with him," continued Joel, "and do all I can—all he'll let me. He promised he'd come to breakfast at seven."

Martha Ames smiled her thanks to her grandson for that: it gave at least the relief of something for hands to do that could otherwise only wring themselves futilely.

When Grandfather had got his post-hole down two feet it ran into the corner of a ledge. The sounding which he had taken with a crowbar had, by black luck, missed this obstruction by an inch or two.

"My boy," said Grandfather, "you know where the drills are? Get me the longest inch-and-a-half one."

For the first time in his life Joel Ames Edwards stood confronting his grandfather in dumb inaction in the face of a definite request. "Grandpa," he said, "couldn't we—couldn't you—set the post just a couple of inches farther this way—just against the point of the rock? Couldn't you, Grandpa?"

There was an intensity of rebuke in the way his grandfather gazed at him then. The conscience, the workmanship, of sixty years was focused in it, a lifetime's scorn of cheap and

tricky makeshifts. "I don't seem to be so young and spry as what I was once," he said mildly. "I thought mebbe you could fetch the drill faster'n I could."

Three minutes later Joel was holding the long drill near its top, giving it a fraction of a turn after each stroke of the sledge wielded by his grandfather, amazed that the old man could swing it at all, even more amazed to find that he hadn't the smallest apprehension for his own hands, which a miscalculation of an inch would have crushed to bloody pulp. He knew that, with his grandfather's massive brown hands there on the drill where his own now were, he would never have dared swing even the light sledge hard enough to make the slightest impression.

His grandfather measured the quantity of black powder, tamped it and the wadding in with the fuse carefully arranged, and piled on timbers and an old carpet. When Joel leaped back into the reek of exploded gunpowder and pulled the remaining timbers aside, he saw that the corner of the ledge had come away cleanly in one great triangular boulder. He flung himself upon it savagely and desperately, and tugged until it seemed as if his arms were coming out of their shoulder-sockets. He was all but sobbing.

"There, there, my boy," said the deep voice behind and above him. "Easy does it." Alonzo Ames thrust the crowbar deep into the crack and put some of his weight on it. Nothing happened. He relaxed himself for a second of preparation.

Then he put all the force of his two hundred pounds and the still greater leverage of his will into one

effort that was like an explosion of muscle following the explosion of powder. Joel heard, with a rending of earth and elm roots, another elemental noise that seemed to come from some deep hollow within his grandfather—a tearing, muffled grunt, part relief and, it might be, part pain. The boulder lay free, its sharp corner level with the edge of the ragged hole. The old man reeled for a moment, with a hand clutching at his breast, caught and steadied himself, stooped, and rolled the great rock over into the road. With four blows of the sledge he reduced it to a wheelbarrow load of splinters.

Grandmother called them in to breakfast, and, to Joel's relief, he went at once. When she asked, "How you feelin', 'Lon?" he replied that he had never felt better in his life. He ate, to prove it, hugely, lawlessly. He parried, as if they had been sallies of humor, his wife's efforts to get him to bed, and with a "Well, Joel—?" strode back to his task. He was so debonair that he had Joel convinced that he really was all right; that Grandmother, for once in her life, was only borrowing trouble.



And so the post was set, with a careful application of rule and spirit-level this way and that, a vise-like wedging of small stones, a solid tamping of earth, a refitting and trimming of the turf. And, again with rule and level, Grandfather affixed the aluminum-painted box, driving deep with a bit-stock the long screws which he had substituted for the flimsy mail-order ones.

They stood back to survey their handiwork; walked up the road a

hundred yards to view it as the mail-carrier might in an hour or two; walked back again. "Well, my boy," said Alonzo Ames, "if anybody was to come along by here the day after to-morrow, I shouldn't wonder a mite but what he'd find the post right there where we planted it. My grandfather used to say to me, when I wasn't much bigger'n you be now, that if you set a post with as much of it below ground as above, it won't be likely to get away from you right quick; anyhow, 'twon't blow away in the first light breeze that comes along." He paused reflectively. "And it's a *good* post," he summarized. "Oak."

He was so content that he left it to Joel to put everything away and water the ground about the post. When the boy returned by way of woodshed, back kitchen, and cookie-jar, his grandfather, in his special chair, was making gestures that denoted a weariness of the spirit and saying something about being "run by a passel of womenfolk." He was only teasing Grandmother, who was living for the moment when she could entice him back to the bed he ought not to have left.

He began to nod, as over his editorials. Presently he moved over to the hair-cloth lounge, lay down, and closed his eyes. When he began to breathe deeply, Grandmother came with an afghan and laid it over him.

Joel tiptoed into the kitchen after her. "Grandma," he whispered—then suddenly noticed, and pretended not to notice, that she was crying. "Grandma—we'll have to tell him when the—the wagon comes. We wouldn't dare—not to."

She fastened her grandson with a

look suddenly calm, one tear arrested in each eye. "I wish the mail had never been heard of," she said with cold passion. Then some inner fiber went limp. "Yes, we'll have to tell him."



It came, the government wagon, in a nimbus of dust, drawn smartly by two horses. Watching from the kitchen window, they recognized the portly figure of Jethro Davis of Chiswick Flat, to whom had been let the contract for Route Number 4. Joel hurried to the lounge.

"Grandpa," he said. "The mail-wagon—it's coming. It's here."

Gray-blue eyes opened, looked at him benevolently, and smiled from deep within, while the old man's features remained like noble stone.

"Grandpa"—more loudly—"the mail!"

The eyes closed. Martha Ames shook her head at her grandson. He stole away.

Jethro Davis, thrusting this and that into the box and pulling its gay red signal-flag aloft, looked at their windows in a puzzled way. Joel and his grandmother waved dispirited hands to him from the window. It was the most they could do. He flourished his whip, drove on, disappeared down the road toward Jacobs's.

"We mustn't get the mail," whispered Grandmother. "He'll want it to be right there in the box, when he—when he wakes up." Joel nodded.

Suddenly his grandfather's voice came, a great baying shout that filled the house, ringing like a bell under the low ceilings. "Joel!"

The boy ran. "Yes, Grandpa—?"

Alonzo Ames was sitting upright on the edge of the lounge. His eyes were wide open and excited. "What was it you said, my boy?" This was in answer to what his grandson had tried to tell him ten minutes ago. It had just pricked through some outer veil.

"I said—the mail, Grandpa. In the box. Jeth Davis brought it."

The old man got up with dignity. He stalked across the sitting-room to the door and fumbled at the latch. Joel darted to raise it for him. He went on in steady paces across the porch, across the lawn, to the box on the post. He opened its door, drew out his newspaper in its wrapper, and waved some letters toward Joel, who ran with them to his grandmother.

The old man ripped his Boston paper out of its wrapper, which he then crumpled into a wad and stuffed into a pocket of his overalls. He sat down, with his back against the elm, and spread out the journal on his knee. Joel and his grandmother watched him from the window.

Before he had turned a page his head dropped forward as it had done in his easy-chair.

"Here, Joel," said his grandmother; "I want you should tuck this around your grandfather." She handed him the afghan from the lounge.

Joel stole out to where his grandfather was sitting. His head had drooped forward to his knees now. His back had come away from the tree, so that it was no trouble at all to wrap the afghan completely round his shoulders.

But Alonzo Ames had no more need of this protection.

HOW TO BE SWEET THOUGH SOPHISTICATED

A Rebound from Too Much Smartness

IRWIN EDMAN

ONE can learn as much about the prevailing temper of a generation by studying its contempts as by remembering its loves. It is indeed very difficult in our time to tell what we love, the old objects of our adoration having been riddled with suspicion, and love itself, in the skeptical hands of our contemporary wise men, having come into disrepute. To the Spartan, the ideal of life was represented by the warrior, disciplined and taut. To the medieval, the ideal of the good life was typified by the martyr, the ascetic or the saint. In the Renaissance one wished to be something like Castiglione's courtier, a polished fusion of the gentleman, the scholar, the soldier and the man of the world. The contemporary hero, the mythical pattern in the imitation of whom we would live, remains as yet undefined. We have no hero; what is more to the point, we suspect hero worship.

But it is only necessary to read the books of our more circumspect novelists or to move for an evening in the society of our more intelligent friends, to detect what we do not wish to be, or at least what we do not wish to be thought to be. To the modern spirit, disillusioned or at least unillusioned, the great evil to

be avoided is sentimentality. We will forgive almost all sins save those of slushiness. We will condone all defects save those of the soft mind. There is going to be no nonsense about us, and though we may wince a little in private, or cause others to wince in public, we are not going to be children. We are not going to cry for the moon, swear by the stars, or go roller-skating on the rainbow. Not for us the sorrows of Werther, the melancholy of Byron, the purified ecstasies of Coventry Patmore's version, so angelic and so silly, of love. We have both learned and unlearned too much, we think, for that sort of thing. First as to what we have learned:

Science has ceased to be the esoteric possession of experts in a laboratory; it has become the popular jargon of the men in the street or at least of the women in the salon. We know enough about glands to be incredulous of our own or of anybody else's melancholy. When we are depressed we know that it is probably not the cosmos in general but the thyroid in particular that is wrong with us. We are more and more conversant with the chemistry of that clod of clay on a speck of star-dust, that we call human life. We are, therefore, increasingly im-

patient with the romantic expectation that the universe should conform exactly with the human heart's desire.

Love, again, may among adolescents parade its ancient recognizable rhetoric. But we know better. We see through the disguise, ornate and thin, by which lust conceals itself—even from itself. Every school-boy, almost, has read Freud. Every adult can quote Havelock Ellis. Our devotion may seem deep, but its depths are in the seamier profundities of our psyches. And as for that eternity with which we credit every passing affection—well, we smile ourselves at that outmoded sentimentalism. Eternal love! Eternal nonsense! A generation that has busied itself with the meaning of time and the flux of consciousness knows enough to discount the permanence of its passions. Another year, another place, and this so vivid absorption will be a memory regarded at best with ironic regret.

Besides all of which, we have lived through a war and its aftermath. We have learned the hollowness of high-sounding words masking low deeds. We have observed the terrible consequences of acting in a world of brutal fact with soft evasions, with the respectable rubbish of a sentimental moral tradition. We have acquired a wisdom cool and aseptic; we have unlearned the moralities, outwardly benign, actually perilous, on which we were brought up.

So having discarded the old myths, we have gradually been forming a hero-myth of our own. He—or she—we thank the stars (or we would, if we were in a mood to thank any-

thing) is no hero. Every one has met an example of the blue-print Modern acceptable to the contemporary intelligence. It is to be met with at any current social gathering. Enter the Modern. It makes no difference whether it be a man or a woman. In either case, the ideas, like the figure and head-dress, will be much the same. He will not talk of love or admit it. He will not believe in the Good Life or be publicly seen leading it. He will have no nonsense about religion or believe that relic of primitive mentality still exists. He will be "anesthetized to all that Jesus or that Plato prized." He will have little patience with politeness or allow himself to practise it. He will try to be a tough mind gaily indifferent in a tough world. The last obscenity he will permit himself will be nobility. The last weakness he will indulge in will be to be sweet or soft. He will talk like a character out of Ernest Hemingway, act like one of Aldous Huxley's bizarre London intelligentsia—or pretend he does—and try to think in such terms as James Joyce's heroines use in their more untrammelled moments.

Now obviously if human nature changes—and it has changed only very little since paleolithic days—it certainly has not gone a complete metamorphosis in the last quarter of a century. Sophisticated people, whatever they may say, have feelings like their more naïve brothers. They love and hate, are stirred to wonder and beauty, hunger and thirst much like the Victorians whom they mock and the living boobies whom they despise. But the new lingo has become a cult and, thanks to the surgi-

cal psychologies, the new self-consciousness has become a fashion. It is now in the best circles indecent to be decent, shameful to be shy, offensive to be courteous, suspicious to be simple. Many of our newly smart would rather be found murdering their children than being kind to their parents. They would prefer to be damned for rudeness than to be snickered at for courtesy. They suspect even themselves for any outworn noble sentiment they may happen to experience, any unpremeditated act of kindness they may do, any spontaneous impulse of affection to which they may give way. How many gentle souls does one know who go about being gentle *sub rosa*! How many little amenities of life are people, for fear of being thought ridiculous, beginning to practise behind closed doors. As for love, what roundabout ways a lover will take to express it, for fear that his beloved may set him down as old fashioned and suburban.

It is not merely fear of what people will say, but fear of what one will think of one's self that makes it difficult in our time to be at once a "tough mind" and a gentle heart. All the new realism of thinking and writing and conversation have made us self-skeptical. Any one acquainted with the new psychiatry knows why. That gesture we intended to be generous we know to be timid or vain. The kindness we tried to utter we are told is a defense against our own weakness, a fear of not being kind. Enthusiasm is a symptom of prolonged adolescence. Rapture is a psychological debauch that is a vulgar truancy from reason.

Now it would seem to be high time to find out whether this sort of thing has not gone too far. The sophisticates themselves, I suspect, feel that it has. How else is one to account for the joy with which in our most advanced circles, intelligentmen, intelligentwomen hail any naïveté in literature or art. Exhibitions of primitive negro sculpture are visited by the best minds. For a season cultivated New York crowded to see a simple little Spanish play entitled "Cradle Song," which was compacted of old-fashioned tenderness and peace, a story of simple nuns, their demure ward, and her love-affair, all lavender and lace.

As for the respectable bourgeois rabble whom our sophisticated despise, these comfortable bumpkins cannot get enough of the traditional simple virtues and simple souls. Write them a story, as an Englishman did recently, of a brave father come down in the world, fighting the good fight against slimy obstacles for the love of his pure and devoted son, and you will have hundreds of thousands at your feet and at your publisher's. And what of the whole English-speaking world that quotes with glee the childlike whimsicalities of *Christopher Robin* and *Winnie-the-Pooh*.

The question indeed comes down to this: Is it possible to be at once sweet and sophisticated? In our generation can one be at once honest and kindly, intelligent and courteous, informed and gay? Is the price of modern knowledge ill humor and ill temper? Must we pay for having eaten of the tree of good and evil by losing our heritage of urbanity and our saving faith in people and things?

Is this the folly that one calls being wise?

These are rhetorical questions and they are intended to be such. This observer at least wishes to bear humble testimony to the conviction that contemporary wisdom has overreached itself. It is submitted that it is the easiest thing in the world, even the contemporary world, to find life agreeable, and to live it agreeably. It is easy to do these things without being a sentimentalist, or what is perhaps the equivalent, without being a fool. I submit that we are the only half-willing followers of fashion when we identify sophistication with the discourteous in manners, the brutal in action and the cynical in thought. It is diffidently proposed that insight into truth, and charm of life need not necessarily be contradictions in terms.

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First as to thought. There is a presumption, at once common and fallacious, that to be cynical is by definition to be honest and profound. The young man who has first had his eyes opened to the shallowness and mockery of conventional morals has a fine brusque sense of wisdom at no longer being taken in. He hears the preacher intone, "Our Father which art in Heaven," and he thinks of all the human peccadilloes of all the preachers he has ever known. He hears the political orator bellow of justice and the people's rights and his alert memory ruminates upon all the patent injustices of our social order, the travesties of criminal procedure, the mockeries of representative government, the robberies and swinish deceits practised upon a gullible public. His professors use

high words about the good and he knows and sees what happens daily in the market-place. He hears of the goodness of God and he hears also of wars and rumors of wars and acts of God, floods and earthquakes that cannot remotely be construed as beneficent.

The honest mind insists, in our generation, to an unprecedented degree, on being realistic. To be realistic is tantamount to acknowledging that there is a deal of tinsel in our lives and our pretensions. God may still be in His Heaven, but there is more than sufficient evidence that all is not right with the world. But to be realistic is also to admit that an indictment of evils is not the whole story nor the whole universe.

Sophistication demands honesty; it does not require ill temper. There is a kindness of wisdom called mellowness and the history of literature is amiably strewn with its exemplars. Montaigne is the prince of these; his essays are the perfectly urbane expression of a man who kept his mind clear and his blood sweet. He knew as well as the latest contemporary utilitarian how much there is to bewail in the world. At its best life is short; half of its felicities are illusions and the other half are fatal in their consequences. There is little of which we can be certain, and much of which we must be regretful or ashamed.

But it is not clear now as it was to Montaigne that ill temper is hardly the mood with which to live pleasantly, nor the spirit which reason will commend to adopt toward the world. The light may have gone out of Heaven and meaning out of the earth. We may be fated animals

crawling anxiously through the pal-pitation brief and confused, that we call life. But that chaotic interval is at moments clear with wonder or beauty, and even the disorder of our current societies permits moments of delight. These are clearly on the debit side of the ledger, and a realism that denies the doughnut in affirming the hole is both jaundiced and dishonest.

Nor is it any more honest or reasonable to be continually suspicious of our pleasures, our kindnesses or our raptures because the laboratory has been revealing the machinery by which these operate. Love, we are told, is merely a matter of glandular secretions. But to admit the truth of this physiological fact is far from denying that love exists. There may be a thousand subconscious reasons why we aid a friend in distress or sacrifice our life and energies for some lost or forlorn ideal. The causes of the late war may be demonstrated to have been sordid and mean, but even the most cynical will not deny that thousands of men gave their lives in the generous belief that they were not. It matters not what produces our raptures or our loves or loyalties. Even the most hardened can hardly contest their existence.

To know the material origins of our flights is not to deny their being or their value. To recognize the horrors and evils in the texture of existence is not to blind us to all the loveliness and liveliness there is to enjoy and to commemorate under the sun. It may be said indeed that the essence of being adult rather than childish is to cease to be sulky and irritable at finding life and existence to be what they are. Some time ago

the "Survey" conducted a questionnaire about what it meant to be grown up. It means among other things to be able to face life steadily and without illusion—but also without disillusion.

And once one has surrendered the cult of disillusion it will not seem necessary any longer to parade a hard-boiled manner, a tough language and a sour mind. Many of our contemporaries are disappointed sentimentalists who try to conceal from their public their disappointment by the language of the prize-ring or the gutter. Those who have really learned to look candidly upon existence will not need to apologize for their candor with fighting words. If life is really tragic, we are all in the same boat, and the least we can do is to greet each other *pro tem* with a decent courtesy, if only to mitigate by friendliness the dark interval in which we live. It will not seem necessary to those truly gifted with a tragic sense of life to use the language of the street to prove they are not sentimental. No one was more profoundly candid about the universe than Thomas Hardy. No one had a gentler tongue. Nor is it necessary, finally, to be rough-neck in one's thinking. There is after all, little use in defying a universe that is *a priori* defined as indifferent.

Sentimentalism is usually attributed to a prolonged adolescence, a perpetual refusal to emerge from the mirage of cherished illusions to the candid prospect of realities. But the convention has risen in our own day that cynicism or perpetual disillusion is the symptom of maturity. The fallacy of sentimentalism is that it paints to itself a picture that con-

forms comfortably with its own roseate desires. The fallacy of cynicism is that it paints the universe as in league against human ideals. A persistent satire upon life is hardly more adult than a persistent prettifying of it. One of the worst sins Dante could think of was to sulk in the sunlight. To those who did he assigned the eternal punishment of wallowing in the mud. To be understanding is to be equable, and to be equable is to escape the need for being smart or sulky or hard. "Heartbreak," says a character in Shaw's "Heartbreak House," "is the end of happiness and the beginning of peace." If our hearts were at peace, we should not need to put up so elaborate a smoke-screen of pert defense. We should not need to insist on singing our satirical praises to a God from whom all evils flow. We should not need to think of existence as a psychiatric clinic, nor to be its perpetual *enfants terribles*.

One might set up as a conceivable ideal for our generation the combination of the tough mind and the gentle heart. The tough mind will be undismayed by any fact or any horror; it will not be misled by any pleasure or mirage. It will know that man is neither an ape nor an angel, but a precarious and harassed animal living in an uncertain, sometimes abominable, sometimes exquisite world.

The gentle heart will know how far even lust and hypocrisy have their understandable causes. It will know enough to discern good and forgive evil. Some one once called John Stuart Mill the saint of rationalism. The ideal of character for our generation, for any generation, is, perhaps, a union of the reasoner and the saint. Reason has led men into inhumanity; religion has led them into illusion. A fusion of the two spirits may be possible in an age that has learned to think candidly and has, since we are still human, not forgotten how to feel.

One has an image of what that modern type of the "high-minded man" will be like. He is to be met with at least in potentiality in some of the educated youth of our own day. I have known a dozen myself, young men and women who were not fooled by ancient illusions, were not hardened by a modern cult. Their minds were steel-like in their precision and taut in their honesty. Their hearts were, like those that Dante valued, gentle. They could relish the goods of life without blinding themselves to its nightmares. They could discern the tragedy of existence and laugh at its diversions. Of such, as it was said of old, may be the Kingdom of Heaven. From such may be forming the modern temper.

THE WAITING MIRACLE

The Mad Colorado and the Boulder Dam Project

WILLIAM ATHERTON DU PUY

THE basin of the Colorado covers, approximately, one thirteenth of the area of the United States.

It is half as big as the region that lies east of the Mississippi. It is equal in size to New England, plus all of the Middle Atlantic States, with Ohio and Indiana thrown in. But it has largely run to waste. It is the least developed, the most sparsely inhabited portion of the country. It has a population only equal to that of the State of Rhode Island.

The remotest headwaters of the Colorado appear where the Green River taps certain crystal, ice-fed lakes in the Wind River Mountains of Wyoming, and where the main stream chooses Long's Peak, the highest in Colorado, to stand as a monument at its very source. Both streams frolic through high mountain country, their waters occasionally diverted for purposes of irrigation. They flow into the plateau region which, the geologists say, has slowly risen a perpendicular mile because of the inner pressure of the earth. But as it has come up, the swift waters of the Colorado have eaten their way into it, have cut to the depth of a mile through its varying strata. The walls have tumbled in to widen the gorge. Tributaries have ripped their auxiliary, fantastic excavations—and

the Grand Canyon came forth as the greatest earth-carving demonstration water ever gave.

Then the mad river becomes a sullen, clumsy, lowland stream from the banks of which thorned desert plants get the only glimpse of water ever vouchsafed in this corner of the world. But as the mad stream, now grown morose, nears its end it performs one final fantastic feat. It builds itself a trough of sand in which to run, a trough which, strangely, looks down from its high elevation—hundreds of feet—upon the plain that stretches away into California. The silt which makes the Colorado muddy, stops here as the waters slow down to build the land. It was thus that the stream built a dam across the Gulf of California, ages ago, and left its upper end (in what is now the United States) to dry out and become the Imperial Valley of to-day.

Private enterprise has here developed an irrigation canal which, for engineering convenience, runs for sixty miles on Mexican soil. Its builders pledged certain water to Mexico for the privilege of looping this canal across its border. Then they brought their canal back to the American side and spread its waters out until they irrigated 400,000 acres, worth \$100,000,000, and fur-

nished homes for sixty thousand people. The yield of this land is prodigious. Its crops are earlier and more tropical than those grown elsewhere in the United States.

But the mad river in its sand trough looks down in constant menace on these cultivators of the silt-lined valley.

Such is the situation into which, throughout the past two decades, the Government has been asked to look as into a crystal ball, and behold the vision. Yet it was strange that those who conjured up that vision were not fantastic magicians but practical engineers with slide-rules, water-gages and blue-prints. For ten years now, different and many groups of these engineers have applied all their tests to this vision and each has pronounced it a dream that can be made as real as the granite shaft to the first president that stands in the Mall at Washington. The unprecedented features of this undertaking to which the Government is about to set its hand and on the details of which it has already decided, may now be described.

The central feature is the great dam, the best location for which, all aspects of the problem considered, is at Boulder Canyon, fifty miles north of Needles, Arizona, and thirty miles east of Las Vegas, Nevada, its nearest railroad point. This is below the Grand Canyon section of the river—upon which it will have no effect—among barren desert hills, blistering in the sun.

Here the river, ages ago, broke through a mountain range. The gap it made is 400 feet wide at the water level, 900 feet wide at what is to be the top of the dam, 550 feet above.

All the Government has to do in order to stop the mad river is to slip in a wedge that will fill the great gap that the ages have eaten out, and thus reconstruct the mountain range.

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But what an engineering feat this is! First the river must be turned aside. Three tunnels thirty-five feet across and each a mile long must be drilled through the solid rock of the mountain. These are to be the permanent conduits through which the water will flow to turn the turbines that will electrify this corner of the nation when the project is complete. Then a temporary dam must be built to divert the river through these tunnels while the excavation is being made and the foundation laid for the real dam.

The bottom of the river is here filled with a mass of loose gravel and boulders to a depth of 130 feet. This must all be taken out in order to reach bed-rock for a proper foundation. That foundation must be six hundred feet long up and down the river. Half the concrete that goes into the entire structure will be below ground. It will weld the great dam into the rock core of that planet which man calls his own. Then the gentle crescent—with its back up stream—which is to be the actual, visible structure will begin to rise. It will be an all concrete structure, whereas the Roosevelt Dam, built twenty years ago, was of stone fore and aft with only a concrete core. The efficiency of concrete has been vastly increased since then.

The Bureau of Reclamation, recipient of spectacular assignments, has built one dam after another that, in

its day, was the highest in the world. Such was the Shoshone, in Wyoming, two decades ago. Then came the Arrowrock Dam, in Idaho, to take the honors; it was 349 feet high. Somewhere in India a dam 380 feet, is now being set up. But the Boulder Dam will far surpass them all. It will be 550 feet above the ground. The Great Pyramid of Egypt and St. Peter's Cathedral at Rome, could hide behind it and never be seen.

Arrowrock Dam with half a million cubic yards of concrete in it, once held the record of structural cubic content. Then came Elephant Butte Dam, in New Mexico, using 600,000 cubic yards of concrete. Now look at Boulder Canyon Dam. It will eat up 3,500,000 cubic yards of this liquid stone; it will bulk six times as large as any other structure of its kind that man has built. Even the Great Pyramid of Egypt, bulkiest of structures, wonder of the ages, will be forced to surrender.

Above the dam there will be a lake one hundred miles long and two, three, to four miles wide, created here in a semi-desert wilderness. It will meander in and out, and stretch its tendrils up innumerable casual tributaries. It will hold all the water that the Colorado River can ever send down in a year and a half. The engineers speak of the water it will store in acre-feet, an acre-foot being the amount of water that will cover one acre to the depth of one foot. There will be stored here twenty-eight million acre-feet of water. Approximately, this water would cover the State of Ohio to the depth of one foot, Massachusetts to a depth of five feet, Delaware to a depth of eighteen feet, or the District

of Columbia to a depth of over six hundred feet. It is enough water to make this same Colorado River flow steadily throughout the whole year and be four or five times as big as it often is at low water in the natural state. Water, here in the dry country, is the prime asset; the Colorado River has a monopoly of it. Uncontrolled, most of it goes to waste; harnessed it may be made to perform miracles.

The cost of building this record-breaking dam is estimated at \$41,500,000.



The first thing that will happen when the dam goes in will be the removal of the threat of extermination that the river now holds over the low valleys it irrigates. It will be as though a runaway team had been brought to a sedate walk and hobbled to maintain that pace. There will be security against floods. Homes in the Imperial Valley, tropical and productive, will no longer be like those on the slopes of Vesuvius where tragedy forever impends.

But more than this, the river that has been a menace will become an asset, an asset in a score of ways, the most obvious of which is irrigation. Along this lower Colorado most of the land is a broken, chaotic waste, forever useless. There are occasional level valleys capable of being irrigated. Land in these amounting to about five hundred thousand acres has already been reclaimed and—here in the valley of the American Nile—have become prodigiously productive. To these areas will be brought the assurance of a steady and uninterrupted flow of water. Back of them and in reach of the

canals that are planned, is an additional five hundred thousand acres of virgin land that can be reached by gravity ditches. Then there are two hundred thousand acres more on slightly elevated mesas where, with cheap electricity, it will be practicable to pump water for their reclamation.

Many complications arise out of the fact that the Colorado River runs for some fifty miles through Mexico before emptying into the gulf. If, at the time the United States acquired this land from Mexico, it had visualized this development on the lower river and so drawn the line as to include its mouth and the reclaimable land adjacent, many of these complications would have been avoided.

Now an All-American canal, an artificial waterway of magnificent sweep, is planned. It will come out of the river at Laguna Dam, twelve miles above Yuma. It will be 162 feet wide on the bottom and the water in it will flow to a depth of sixteen feet. As a canal to carry irrigation water these proportions are heroic. We have no other to compare to it. From Laguna to Yuma a canal of lesser proportions is already in operation. It must be enlarged. Then there is a stretch of broken washes to negotiate until Pilot Knob, in the very southeast corner of California, is reached.

It is here that the Imperial Valley Canal, detouring into Mexico, has its head. But instead of turning into Mexico the All-American canal dives under Pilot Knob and goes on its way just north of the international boundary. To do this it must engage in a quite spectacular undertaking. It must cut across a mesa, or tableland, on top of which rests that

strange phenomenon of the dry country, an area of shifting sand dunes. It must make a cut through this tableland that at some places is a hundred feet deep. It must wrestle with the eternal problem of the shifting sand and whether its deep ditch will be a trap for wind-blown earth that will tend to fill it up. It is the problem that the British feared when they dug the Suez Canal, yet it proved not at all serious in the end. The engineers believe that the trapped sand will not be great in bulk and that the swift-flowing waters will sluice it out. If this is not correct it may be necessary to resort to dredging. Anyway there must be ten miles of this deep cut through this sand-topped mesa, all because an invisible international line prevents the canal from swerving a bit to the left. Then it will emerge at the edge of the irrigable land, where it will be divided into smaller units each of which will guide its share of the water to the desert sands that they may become tropically productive.

And against this job of devising water channels to irrigate the wastes, the Government proposes to spend \$31,000,000.



Fifty miles above Laguna Dam, on the Colorado, another of the engineering romances of this undertaking sets its stage. It is to this point that Los Angeles, allied with neighboring communities, expects to reach out a long arm, tap the tamed river, draw a considerable proportion of its life-giving waters across the deserts, over the mountaintops, down the western slope and finally send it through the garden hose to water its lawns. Los Angeles wants fifteen

hundred cubic feet of water per second which it would lift out of the river with pumps. She would carry it along the upper edge of the great desert and into the Chocolate Mountains at the far end. Here there would be other lifts by pumping, one after another, until this flow of tamed water, itself equal to that of no mean river, is raised fourteen hundred feet above the level of the Colorado—no such feat in pumping has ever been undertaken anywhere in the world. Then the water would be sent through various tunnels, seventy-five miles of them altogether, would find itself on the Pacific side of the mountains, would coast down through various power-generating plants to the country where the motion-pictures are made and where the population insists on increasing without end. To get it there would cost a stupendous amount of money—150 millions, possibly 250 millions. The Federal Government would have nothing to do with this part of the undertaking other than to deliver the water, for a price, at the river edge. Los Angeles would be a customer of the Colorado River project, buying water from it. She and her associates would carry it over the mountains where water is life, and growth without it impossible.

The primary purposes of this undertaking on the Colorado is safety on the lower reaches of the river and reclamation through irrigation. An incidental appears along the way, however, that comes very near overshadowing the fundamentals. This incidental is power development. Where Boulder Dam stops the river and raises it 550 perpendicular feet, releasing the water under control, it

makes possible the development of vast amounts of electric power. One of the tunnels may be tapped and enough of its water diverted through a power-house to spin the dynamos of one generating unit. It may be tapped again and another unit added. This may be continued almost indefinitely. It is estimated that a million horse-power of electricity could be generated here at Boulder Dam with the plant operating at full installed capacity. This would be as much electricity as is used in the whole State of California or in Illinois including Chicago. It would be more electricity than is used by any other State except New York and Pennsylvania. It is in fact, a stupendous amount of electricity, enough to supply an abundance to this part of the world for a long time to come. Then, when there is need for more, there are fourteen other dam sites along the mad river; latent resource based upon its very madness, that may be drawn upon by the people—to whom it belongs—whenever they are ready for it.

The Government may sell, to whoever wants to buy, the privilege of installing plants at the foot of the dam and developing this power. Failing thus to dispose of this latent energy it will itself develop power-plants and sell its product at wholesale. The chief market, naturally, will be southern California, but this whole section of the nation may ultimately gain cheap and abundant power to the end of time.

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This power by itself, which is but an incident, promises to yield a sufficient return to warrant building this dam. It alone would pay for the

entire investment, but the Government intends to make the water it sells help in the financing. The itemized chief elements of cost have been estimated as follows:

Reservoir.....	\$41,500,000
Power development .	31,500,000
All-American canal..	31,000,000
Five years' interest..	21,000,000
Total.....	\$125,000,000

The plan for the financing of this huge undertaking contemplates the issuance of four per cent bonds, guaranteed by the Government, against the whole project; and the sale

of water and power for the payment of those bonds. Thus the project will pay for itself. No money of the taxpayer will be applied to it. The Government lends only its credit and its good offices. Yet when the project has paid for itself in full, it will belong to the Government. What disposition the Government will make of it need not be decided now. All the points at controversy among such interested parties as the seven States of the Colorado Basin need not be settled now. The stupendous enterprise may proceed and the issues may be settled by judicial decision or otherwise as they arise.

THE DUNES

ROSELLE MERCIER MONTGOMERY

Here are the dunes, the lonely dunes that lift
 Between the sea and sky, like waves arrested,
 Green billows, motionless, their tops sand-crested
 As though with foam. The sea-gulls cry and drift
 Above their undulating loneliness,
 Their deep, embosomed peace. Here dies the fret
 Of crowded living; here one can forget
 The world beyond these solitudes that bless.

A little lyric wind that bears the sea
 In every syllable, has brought my feet
 To where the sea and sky and sand-dunes meet.
 Here, were the power of choosing given me,
 I could surrender heaven, nor greatly mind
 If I might keep the dunes, the sea, this wind.

THE FUTURE NEWSPAPER

Radio Remodeling the Press

SILAS BENT

NO other agency now exercises so marked an influence on the daily press as radio. In every field—information, opinion, entertainment and advertising—it is an established competitor and factor. In some quarters this has given rise to a belief that the newspaper may be on the verge of extinction. That urbane gentleman, for example, who writes "Table Talk" for *The Century*, says:

"Perhaps newsprint, formerly the only instrument for the dissemination of world intelligence, has seen the *mene, mene, tekel, upharsin* of contemporary change written upon the wall, and is calling for madder music, stronger wine, to douse the fearful suspicion that its hour has passed. What for example could be staler than to-morrow morning's newspaper account of a prize-fight or political convention one has already received over the radio? Combine radio and television into a gigantic device for recording and reproducing world news the moment it happens—and even the picturized tabloid is doomed as a pallid, antiquarian method of keeping abreast of the times."

Madder music, stronger wine, we have to-day even in some of our dignified eight-column papers. And the

belief, not so uncommon as one might suppose, that this is the final flare-up of vitality which so often precedes dissolution, may give comfort to those who think all good has gone out of the press, leaving death as the only cure for the evils it embodies and engenders. I myself do not believe our newspapers are lost to grace, and even if I believed it I could not, on a cold examination of the facts, subscribe to the theory that they are doomed to annihilation. But from the facts already at hand the conclusion is inescapable that they are in a state of transition, and that we are to have a new and different journalism. What will it be? What kind of newspapers are we to have, say, fifteen or twenty years from now? Can we chart, from the data we have in hand, the press of the future?

Ten years ago newspaper publishers and editors ridiculed radio with broad grins. It was a plaything, quite outside the purview of an industry then coming rapidly into its own as a Big Business. That this short-sighted attitude persisted, even after the dissemination of news by broadcasting began, was surprising. The publisher stuck his head in the sands of a youthful tradition (for the press is a young institution, as recorded history goes, and its structure is even yet largely

unexplored) and said to himself, "Radio can't touch me now." In the light of later events this attitude is comical to everybody but the publisher himself. He has nourished a myth that he is energetic, far-sighted and has always a firm grip on the forelock of Time. As a fact he is one of the slowest-moving business executives in American life, and his obstinate refusal to recognize the possibilities of radio confirmed the existence of an attribute already too well established. Danger signals were hung out for him back in the nineties, when Marconi began sending messages by wireless. From wireless telegraphy to telephony in the early part of this century was but a step. From telephony to broadcasting was an even shorter step. By 1920 the manufacture of receiving sets was a recognized industry, and still most of our newspaper publishers kept their heads in the sand.

By the end of the first quarter of this century (a generation, mind you, after radio came into being) the manufacture and sale of radio sets had multiplied three hundred fold, and millions of families were gathering about the loud-speakers. Now indeed the ostrich-publisher lifted his head and took a look at the radio programs he was printing every day. He had been giving space to this plaything, because it was a novelty and his readers were strangely interested in it. Very well: What was the "Seiberling hour"? It was the advertisement of a balloon tire. Yes, when he glanced down the columns of his radio page, he observed with amazement and indignation that he was advertising, without charge, radio advertisers: manufacturers of chewing-gum and safety-razors and

storage-batteries; banks, movies, even his own best customers, department stores. It was a sad, a headachy awakening! He had petted and encouraged this freak, because freaks always make good newspaper reading; and here the thing was picking his pockets.

The publisher's first resentful reaction was to cut out the names of radio advertisers. "I won't call it the Seiberling hour," he announced. "I'll just print it as a musical program." But he found to his dismay that when he did this radio fans quit buying his paper and turned to others which brazenly printed the programs as given out by the broadcasting stations. He had dallied too long with the situation. He had to yield as gracefully as might be.

The two principal radio corporations, operating three big chains, did an advertising business in 1928 running to something more than twelve million dollars. This is a drop in the bucket, compared with more than eight hundred millions of business for the daily press. But the publisher felt that the twelve millions, or his share of it, came directly out of his till, and he felt aggrieved. He comforted himself with the reflection that there were only twenty-four hours in the day, and that only five of these, in the evening, were really useful to the radio advertiser. The broadcaster, thank Heaven, couldn't put more hours into the after-dinner period. It was true that the National Broadcasting Company's revenue from advertising in 1928 almost tripled its revenue of the year before, but there was an obvious physical limitation on that sort of pyramiding. The corporation was

charging nearly five thousand dollars for an evening hour on the air, but then look at William Randolph Hearst: he was getting fifteen thousand for a single page of his Sunday magazine. And newspapers could print about as many pages as they pleased, provided they would cook up "reading matter" to run around the advertisements.

The advertising problem, it is easy to perceive, tended to solve itself after a fashion. The radio corporations couldn't increase the number of hours; they could only increase revenue, beyond a certain point, by increasing their rates, which would automatically cut down the number of their customers. But there was the matter of news.



The first effect of broadcasting news by radio was the practical extermination of the pestiferous newspaper "extra." No one in New York who has been awakened from sound slumber by the hoarse cries of newsboys and has paid ten cents to one of the pirates only to find a bulletin about another murder in Harlem, will regret this development. Even the publisher didn't regret it. His extra editions had never been paying enterprises, because he got nothing extra for the advertisements in them—three fourths of his revenue came from the sale of space; the sale of news as a commodity hardly paid for the white paper he used. Thus, though a regular edition may now sometimes be labeled "extra," and may actually be put to press a few minutes ahead of time, the extra as we used to know it has gone by the board.

But there were other factors to be

considered. During the 1928 baseball world's series, radio listeners heard the games described play by play. When a giant dirigible flew from Berlin to Lakehurst, loudspeakers told of its misadventures and its progress hour by hour. The result of the national election was old and cold when the press got around to it. A story told is a story with the fine edge of expectancy and suspense quite blunted. Who, after hearing Governor Smith's actual voice in a campaign speech, wanted to read the next morning what he had said? The author of "Table Talk" was quite right about that, and newspaper owners, for the most part, were frank enough to admit it.

A distinction must be made here. If one had actually attended an Al Smith rally, or had witnessed a world's series game, then he would want to read about it. He would have a proprietary, a partnership interest in it. He would want to know what the newspaper said about the cheering and the crowd. But if he had merely listened in, he would be somewhat in the position of the man who has read the story in one paper—he would hardly care to read it in another.

As an avenue of opinion, presenting both sides of public questions and social problems, the radio merely occupied a field which newspapers, for the most part, had already surrendered. They had found outspoken editorials incompatible with their main goal, mass circulation, and they looked on with a wry smile while broadcasting stations and open forums stepped in where they feared to tread. But the matter of the cap and bells was more serious, especially

for afternoon dailies, which are three times as numerous in the United States as morning papers. The boast of the afternoon press was that it was read at leisure, and its advertisements studiously perused, during the quiet of the after-dinner hours. That boast, if ever it was justified, was now open to serious question. Here was the radio claiming an evening audience of forty millions; here was the afternoon press distributing about twenty-four million papers daily, except Sundays. In all probability these audiences pretty closely coincided. What were the millions actually doing? Were they reading newspapers, or listening to jazz, to sentimental ballads, to grand opera and vaudeville, to playlets and debates about the flapper? The advertiser would like to know. If he knew, it might make a difference in his appropriations.

The advertiser knows, however, that when he buys an hour on the air, and pays entertainers to hold his listeners, he gets only brief announcements of what he has to sell. He can cultivate good-will in his market, and that is about all. Certain department stores, to be sure, have gone further than that; they tell their unseen customers about bargains and about unusual commodities, for half an hour at a stretch, and count the money well-invested. And the national campaign committees, after the acceptance speeches, which were broadcast free, spent more than ten times as much on radio "space" as they spent on newspaper advertising. That was a bitter pill for the publisher, who was at considerable out-of-the-ordinary expense because of the election.

The tendency of the enlightened publisher now is to coöperate with radio, rather than to fight it. He sells advertising space when he can as a supplementary by-product of radio advertising. In many cases he has his own radio station, or leases time on one. At the beginning of 1928 there were thirty-six newspapers doing this, and many others followed suit during the year. The last of which I have heard was the Oklahoma City "Oklahoman" and "Times," under the alert managing editorship of Walter H. Harrison.

A word needs to be said about the impact of radio as a competitor of the news columns. The newspaper account of a world's series game, for example, became a twice-told tale. The fine frenzy of first announcement was lacking. And the precise effect of this was "madder music, stronger wine." Let me quote, for example, a passage from the beginning of a story in the first column, page one, of what is perhaps our most composed and pontifical New York paper:

"Establishing records that will live as long as the game itself, scaling a baseball Matterhorn where no other foot had ever trod before, the Yankees made it four in a row over the Cardinals to-day, seven to three, as Babe Ruth, for the second time in his incredible career, hit three homers in one world's series game. For the second successive year this super team of supermen defeated its National League rivals in four straight games to build for itself a monument that will be standing when the names of Ruth and Gehrig and Huggins are mellow memories out of the distant past."

This sort of reporting is merely a futile effort to drown out in print the pleasant excitation stimulated by Graham McNamee's voice. The futility of it will presently be apparent to all newspaper men. Karl Bickel, the astute head of United Press, says that radio "is forcing the newspapers to publish more intelligent and interpretive reports than ever before." If it isn't doing that as yet in all cases, it will.



The tale is by no means told. It is possible to transmit pictures by air; it is possible to operate by radio an automatic printing machine. There is no reason to suppose that we may not in time have compact machines in our homes, driven by invisible waves, which will print and illustrate the tidings of the world in readiness for our breakfast-tables. Every man's newspaper could thus be manufactured in a corner of the dining-room, and the frightfully expensive and clumsy system of distribution now utilized by the press would disappear. In "Ballyhoo" I dealt at some length with this contingency, and I need not go further into details here. It is a possibility with which the newspaper publisher, if true to form, will decline to deal until it is already so well established that he can do nothing about it, except possibly to buy an interest in it. A more recent, and quite as disturbing a development, is the transmission of colored pictures and talking movies by air.

Fancy what this means: Sitting in your home you may witness distant events, observe the natural colors of the surroundings, and hear simultaneously the accompanying sounds.

All the imperial pageantry and exotic color of a Sultan's nuptials, dancing-girls and warriors, wild horsemen and chanting priests, might have their being in our very presence, so that we could all but touch them. Even if color-printing be perfected, what can the daily press offer in competition with such a lure, or what pale promise make? Who, having heard a President deliver his message to Congress, having observed his gestures, the movement of his lips as he speaks, and the brilliant hues of the flags around him, will ever wish to read about it in a newspaper?

No, the newspaper cannot hope to compete with the radio in speed, for the radio tells what is happening while it happens; it cannot distribute to our homes images of persons and objects in continuing motion; it cannot give us more than a faint notion of the actual sounds accompanying an event.

But let us pause a moment. We have been talking as though all news could be transmitted in this fashion. As a fact the radio broadcaster and the movie camera-man are competent to cope with only a fraction of the news. They can deal only with *prearranged* events, sports, conventions, parades and funerals, diplomatic assemblies, and so on. When the bulletin of a subway disaster is flashed over the air it must be with due credit to some newspaper or news agency, and it can be told in no such detail as the public demands, when it is concerned about a real calamity.

The newspaper, moreover, offers an enduring record. The reader may, after glancing at a head-line, ignore that story and pass to another. He

has the privilege of selection, denied to him by the radio, and he may read his news when and where he will, not at a specified time, in a specified place. If he is interested in the stock-market, he may turn first to that; if he is preoccupied with sports, he may read that section first. If he choose, he may throw aside the rest of the paper. I once knew of a man who bought three newspapers daily merely for their cross-word puzzles. No such highly specialized interest can be gratified with any success by the radio.

Each has its limitations, then. The radio can deal the better only with spectacular prearranged events; the newspaper can deal the better with unexpected scenes of violence and disaster, as well as with such subjects as the new Franco-British naval entente. So much is clear even now, and it is a certainty that the radio, if it continues to advance at a measure of its present speed, will have new marvels to offer. What will be the ultimate effect on the press? Realizing the perils of prophecy, I sought me out the seventh son of a seventh son, and sat at his feet.

"Describe to me," I urged, "the newspaper of the future."



"What do you mean by 'the newspaper'?" my counselor demanded querulously. "There is not going to be a newspaper, or a press: There will be two quite divergent types. They will be alike only in that they will be printed from cast molds on the same kind of presses. Their contents will be radically different. The radio will act like an invisible sword. It will cut the American press apart in the middle.

"You are familiar, of course, with the astronomical theory that the mass which is now the moon once occupied the space which is now the Atlantic Ocean. Something of that sort is going to happen to our journalism. Part of the mass will be thrown off by centrifugal force, and will revolve around the parent body.

"At present the type of newspaper which is to become a satellite of real journalism is exemplified, after a fashion, by the tabloid picture paper. Only one of these has proved so far to be a highly profitable undertaking, and it may, for all I know, cling to the parent body instead of being thrown off with the others. To the others, at present dedicated to downright fakery, fiction, picture serials, comics and eroticism, many newspapers now in the eight-column form will be added, whether or not they adopt the smaller format. All the Hearst papers, for instance, are likely to become a part of the journalism of triviality and entertainment. They are already advertising themselves as successors to the court jester. Many others, which now decline to become picture tabloids, will sink to this level.

"We shall then have daily pulpwood magazines, with only a smattering of sensational news in their show-windows. They may run to one hundred pages or more. They may print their pictures in color. Their photographers will scour the earth to make snap-shots of the bizarre and the shocking and the freakish. Their reporters, such as they have, will carry wireless transmitting devices, and will talk off their reports into their offices. But they will not be much concerned with

news. Their chief function will be to entertain and thrill the mentally deficient. They will be called newspapers, but they will be that only to the extent of one half of one per cent.

"The main body of journalism, still capable of illuminating the world, will be as far away from our best newspapers of the present day as the flashy and pornographic pulpwood shockers are removed from the present tabloids. (All newspapers, for that matter, may adopt the tabloid format, for the convenience of their readers.) The main newspapers, although they will not be so numerous as to-day, will be much more worth while. They will have found it useless to compete with the shockers in sensational news; they will have found it wasteful to compete with the radio in sports and spectacular events. Therefore they will devote themselves to substantial information, and they will learn how to make it intellectually exciting. They will learn, as George Fort Milton says, to make the unimportant uninteresting and the important absorbing. As yet they are wholly deficient in this technique.

"Permit me, if I may, to abandon the unsatisfactory simile of a radiant body and a dead satellite. What we shall have in this country is an upper class of the press, and a lower, much lower, stratum of publications calling themselves newspapers. There will be no middle class. In the upper levels we will have real newspapers, modeled somewhat after the 'Manchester Guardian.' I do not mean that, within the next half century at least, they will devote to foreign

affairs the same absorbed and expert attention as the 'Guardian.' I do mean that, like the 'Guardian,' they will be staffed by experts in various fields. They will have men who can write with authority about the departments of science, about domestic and national politics, about specific legislative proposals, about the Far East, the Balkans, the World Court, the inter-Ally debt, taxation and so on.

"In that day, not so far distant, fact stories will have disappeared pretty completely. What we shall have will be a compact statement and an interpretation of the facts, presented, probably under a signature, with fidelity and assurance. Newspaper work will become a recognized and undisputed profession, the men employed in it will receive suitable compensation, and the wilful violation of high ethical standards will be severely disciplined. The reader will be able to inform himself about the world and what is going on in it with a precision and completeness quite impossible now. And the effect on society, on politics and political institutions, on aggregations of capital and on organized propaganda, will be amazing until we come to take it for granted. Such a press as I have been describing must come into being if the democratic experiment is to prove successful."

The seventh son of a seventh son looked up from his crystal and sighed.

"That is all," he said.

"It is enough," I replied; "it will be more than enough if all you have said comes true."

A MODERN'S SEARCH IN SCIENCE

An Introduction and an Explanation

S. T.

IN OUR closing article of the series "A Modern in Search of Truth," we made this statement: "The spiritual center of the future must sift out *the best* from every department of life—science, religion, metaphysics, psychology; must collect, interpret, and relate the knowledge and inspiration available from all these different sources, instead of holding them mutually antagonistic as in the past."

Our desire is to create such a center in this magazine. And the present series of articles has been organized as one attempt at carrying out that idea. In view of the sense of conflict between three supposedly contradictory fields, we believe it will be a useful work to summarize the outstanding contributions of Religion, Science, and Psychology to the life and problems of the day, and to relate the contributions and conclusions of these different branches of research to each other. The summary of the different Religions has already been published by THE CENTURY. We are now about to publish the series on Science, and will follow this with S. T.'s summary of "A Modern's Search in Psychology."

Our desire through all this is to help clear the present spiritual con-

fusion among our people—to find some solid ground and some satisfying belief, for the thousands of intelligent and sincerely seeking people who to-day find themselves spiritually adrift and "without a country." The spiritual center natural to the man and woman of to-day, is a center of honest inquiry: a place where one does not dogmatize to the other, but where *we investigate together*, fairly and open-mindedly, seeking only to discover what is true; assembling the knowledge of the best minds of the world on the subjects most important to us all, and proving for ourselves what seems good and worth incorporating as useful in our daily lives.

The method we propose to follow is to get the highest authority in each field to state his own case; to study the evidence and conclusions thus brought in from the various sections—as in the present scientific series from the departments of Mathematics, Astronomy, Physics, Plant Life, Biology, Anthropology, Psychological Research, Psychotherapy and so forth. And at the end of the inquiry, to compare and synthesize the conclusions of the entire group of contributors—to see wherein they agree or differ, and how much we have learned from them: how much

further on we are in our quest for truth and in our understanding of life generally, as a result of these months of investigation and study.

In connection with our articles we shall suggest books for wider reading, selected in consultation with the authorities who write for us; and shall also print such interesting and instructive letters as we may receive from readers, apropos of special points in the articles. We want this to be a place for the friendly sharing of ideas, for intellectual and spiritual companionship and encouragement.

The subject under discussion this month is *Psychical Research*, and the authority speaking to us, Sir Oliver Lodge. What are the salient facts presented to us in his paper? What constitute the chief results of these fifty years of investigation, by so many sincere, learned and patient people?

There seem to me to be four main points. The *evidence for survival* of the individual personality after death—with the possibility of communication with the departed. *Telepathy*—the direct action of mind upon mind—as an established if still little understood fact, and a possible means of general communication in the future. The existence of *more extensive human faculties* than we have been hitherto aware of, and that may lead us into a quite different order of life and activity. *New light* on the problem of the *interaction of mind and matter*.

The impressive thing about all these points is that the evidence rests now not on speculation, or the credulous enthusiasm of a few sen-

timental or bereaved persons; but on the scientific experiments, deductions, and deliberate statements of some of the world's most brilliant and respected men.

It is not a medium or a bereaved father, but Sir William Crookes who says, "In my opinion the facts substantiate the claims which have been made for them, viz: that they point to the existence of another order of human life continuous with this, and demonstrate the possibility under certain circumstances of communication between this world and the next."

It is not a novice with the ouija board but Sir William Barrett whose years of experiment brought him to the conclusion that "thought can be transmitted from one person to another without the use of the ordinary means of transmission and without the employment of the receptive organs such as sight and hearing."

It is Lord Rayleigh, Henry Sidgwick, William James, Arthur Balfour, who have been led by their study of unusual phenomena "to realize on a basis of actual fact that death is not the end of mental activity, that the mind is not limited to the brain, and that individual personality and character survive the loss of the body."

Whatever may be our personal bias as regards these questions, we must, as conscientious investigators, consider the weight of the testimony presented, and the irreproachable character of the distinguished protagonists.

We have heard their findings—or the working hypotheses on which they are proceeding. Assuming that

these are correct, how do they affect our present life and possible destiny? Does the fact of survival of the personality, for example, solve all our spiritual problems and explain the mysteries of life?

Eastern people—who have always believed in such survival—say that it does not. The Hindus, to whom the "bright body" that survives and reincarnates, is as real as the substantial physical body—the Hindus say that it simply pushes the problem one step further back. For even the bright body must one day, finally, disintegrate. Anything that has form, is a compound—of certain materials plus the force that holds them together. The form endures only as long as the cohesive force holds. According to Orientals, the force that sustains the fine spiritual body, is desire: the desire for the experience of separate existence. Have that experience if you will, they say. It will never bring you the ultimate happiness and solution of life that we all seek—for nothing relative and necessarily limited (that is, something which has form) can do that. But through this experience with various forms and limitations, the soul gains knowledge, and so ultimately that desire for the formless and Infinite One that is the real and eternal.

Putting it into commonplace language, the fact that after the change called death, we may find ourselves in a world of subtler matter, with the possibility of still communicating with those we love, does not suddenly bestow on us all knowledge concerning the problems of existence or how to solve them. It simply takes us a little further on, into a

world where we use a different kind of force and material, which have both the advantages and the disadvantages of their swifter action and greater pliability.

The fact of survival does not solve the problem of life. What it does do is this: it gives more meaning to life, and more sense of purpose and justice to the cosmic scheme in general. It gives us more time—all the time we need—in which to make our mistakes and to learn. If we are not popped into this universe for the brief space of one lifetime, then to vanish into the limbo whence we came; if all the experience we gain here, all the pain we suffer and the richness of the happiness we enjoy, are not to be lost with one final plunge into oblivion, but are to be garnered and remembered and reincorporated into further experience and knowledge, leading to an ultimate of which we can have no conception now, yet toward which we have a reasonable basis for trust: then indeed life takes on an entirely different aspect—from either the accidental, meaningless mechanism of the materialists, or the hazy, incredible and unalluring "heaven" of the old theologians. It is equally difficult for the rational man and woman of to-day to believe either that this personality for which so much is suffered, so much staked, is just a biological accident, or that it is wafted here from some vague bourne beyond the skies, and returns thither, after a harassing cycle of temptation, sin and repentance.

If there is one characteristic of the modern mind, it is its instinct for logic and reasonableness. We all

believe indomitably in "the coherence and common sense of the universe." We trust life. Every self-styled materialist and mechanist who goes on living, planning, hoping, trying to grow, proves every minute that he trusts it—whatever his tongue may be saying.

The argument for survival bears out this instinct. It fits in better with the idea of purpose and logic and natural order and sequence, than does the argument for a brief flutter of soul-less existence, then the abyss; or the argument that in the life of the race, the individual persists. Why all this suffering of generation after generation of individuals, for the sake of the hypothetical future individual who never arrives?

The theory of survival and reincarnation of the individual through a succession of lives, during which the spirit learns and grows and evolves by its own suffering and experience—with a certain amount of freedom of will and choice—is a theory that appeals to us by its reasonableness. On general philosophic grounds as well as on the evidence furnished by psychical research, we may, I believe, more reasonably accept it as a working hypothesis than any of the other views of life presented to us. Its main significance lies not in the issue so much stressed—of possible communication with friends gone ahead—but in the opportunity for them and for us, of further growth and development.

♦♦♦

Many people absolutely skeptical concerning survival and spirit communication, are respectful toward

the theory of telepathy. I know a young motion-picture director in Hollywood skeptical about most things in the world except this. He was wakened in the night by a terribly vivid impression of his mother struggling to get out of a burning building. The next day he learned that she had nearly been burned to death, but had finally succeeded in escaping. Of course at the moment of terror, and fear of death, she thought intensely of her son. And—there being a strong bond between them—he "got" her state of mind. So he believes in telepathy. We cannot doubt the facts of our own experience.

When the craze for the ouija was at its height, a friend who had recently lost her husband, asked me to experiment with her. She was worried about certain valuable properties her husband had left, and wished some advice concerning them. For several minutes the little board under our hands moved busily, spelling out apparently quite sensible replies from the departed "Charley." I thought she ought to be satisfied, but she still rather stubbornly insisted on more details.

Suddenly the ouija stopped writing. At the same time I got a very strong mental impression. "I don't know what this has to do with your property," I said, "but I get the most vivid impression of a wet and miserable cat shivering toward the fire—oh, a wretchedly poor wet thing!"

My friend turned pale. "That settles it! When Charley was annoyed with me for nagging him about anything, he always said

'Bertha, for pity's sake don't be a sick cat!'"

I thought this rather an interesting episode, from whichever mind the idea was conveyed to me—his, or hers unconsciously. It seems doubtful whether the unconscious could convey anything so strong and clear. It came not as any psychic vision, but as a mental impression—exactly as though some one had impressed the idea or picture directly and unmistakably on one's mind.

In the light of that experience, I can quite well imagine telepathy as a future form of communication between individual minds—a method much simpler, and more powerful and dangerous than our present one. Will it make life easier? I frankly confess, I regard the period now dawning, with fascination combined with apprehension. I believe that it is perfectly plausible that we have this ethereal, spiritual or psychic body, as it has been variously described, from time immemorial. I believe that there is quite probably, indeed obviously, the subtler realm of the ether, in which waves of all sorts are impinging upon us, and affecting us; and that they will affect us of course far more powerfully as we become more fully aware of them. I believe that the control and direction of thought, the power of personal magnetism, the conscious (and often unscrupulous) use of suggestion, the science of the mind and emotions in relation to disease—all these are leading us into a new and subtle and terrifically dangerous and difficult world. And I believe that if we go into that world without some moral and spiritual ballast commensurate with the dynamic power of

the fine forces that are being put into our hands, we go into a worse, not a better, situation.

The danger is that we shall not, with the old and clumsier powers, have learned our lesson—that it is not only stupid, it is impossible, to use any of these forms of power for private benefit. Already the new power is spoken of as a means of personal domination. And as the prestige of the power of the sword declines, we hear more and more of influencing, attracting, ruling, by the power of "personality," personal charm, and magnetism.

But the man or woman who aspires to magnetic, or any kind of personal power over others, is in thrall to a delusion as untrustworthy as the delusion of physical conquest that the world is just beginning to outgrow. There is no such thing as advantage to be gained by one living creature at the expense and deprivation of another. Let us get this into our heads, once and for all, on the threshold of this new "etheric" world. We are in very truth one body—certainly we found that out in the costly experience of the late war; no member of that body can be harmed, without harm coming eventually—and to-day very swiftly—to every other member. And the only sane way to use any sort of power, is not for individual aggrandizement, but for the greater knowledge, happiness, usefulness of us all. Otherwise we are simply running round in circles, trying to get ahead of ourselves.

These are some of the thoughts that come to us with the "more extensive faculties" described by psychical research. Life is growing constantly more conscious, more creative,

more swiftly responsive to the individual will. It becomes therefore increasingly important that that will shall be wisely trained, and itself the expression of an enlightened and comprehensive consciousness. If, on the ectoplasm hypothesis the individual can even create material structures out of his own substance (and I recommend that before discarding this as a wild and impossible theory, you read von Schrenck-Notzing's "Phenomena of Materialisation")—the problem of sex takes on a different aspect, and a new form of creative power comes into view. But to change the form of power does not change the problem of how we are going to use our power. That remains curiously and perennially the same.

Sir Oliver tells us that these various discoveries have brought psychic investigators to a new conception of the interaction between mind and matter. They emphasize "the possible dislocation between mind and body," and "lead us to the assumption . . . that mental activity is not wholly and solely an affair of the body and brain. Through the brain and nerve system we collect impressions, and translate these mental impressions into physical facts. But the mind dominates and utilizes the body. The brain is a transmissive vehicle, not an originator of thought. Mind dominates matter, and not vice versa." This is very interesting, coming from physicists, to whom the material theory of the universe has been so real.

Last month, from the quite different standpoint of the relativist and mathematician, Lord Haldane told

us the same thing. "It is to mind that we are driven back, as the only basis on which all life can be made explicable. Mind operating at different degrees or levels—as in the bee, the dog, the man and other higher states of which man is occasionally conscious.

"Einstein teaches us that space and time are not fixed things that exist apart from the mind; they turn out to be nothing more than relations established between the mind and the things that it observes, and the relations vary according as the observant mind is still or moving—(as when the relativity of their position made men fancy that the earth was still, and the sun went round it).

"Thought is now seen to be molding things in a way our forefathers did not dream of. Mind and matter (the 'inside' and the 'outside' world) are not two different things which exclude each other. How they appear, what they seem to be to us, is entirely a matter of standpoints."

And thus through the latest discoveries of modern science, we are brought to the oldest declarations of ancient religion. To the old Hindu assertion that life is a psychological problem, depending entirely on the vision or state of consciousness and comprehension, of each individual. We think we are very wise in our generation. It is chastening to read, and cross-reference with our latest laboratory discoveries, these conclusions of the forest sages of five thousand years ago—who had no instrument but the clear mind that comes with absolute disinterestedness. As the result of their researches, they told their world:

"All these spheres or layers of the universe are only so many varying products of *prana* and *akasha* (force and matter). The lowest and most condensed is the Solar Sphere, consisting of the visible universe, in which *prana* appears as physical force, and *akasha* as sensible matter. The next is the Lunar Sphere, surrounding the Solar Sphere—the habitation of the gods and departed spirits. *Prana* appears in it as psychic forces, *akasha* as fine particles (this corresponding with the etheric and psychic world reported to-day). Beyond this is the Electric Sphere—a condition in which *prana* is almost inseparable from *akasha*, and you can hardly tell whether electricity is force or matter. Next is *Brahmaloka*, where there is neither *akasha* or *prana*, but both are merged into Mind-stuff, the primal energy. And here the soul contemplates the whole universe as "Samashti," or the sum-total of Mind. From this

he finds that Unity which is the end."

All these are visions which rise in succession before the individual spirit. They come with his bondage (to egoistic desire) and disappear with his liberation. In reality there is but one Life playing through this vast variety of forms. And again ancients and moderns meet, in this idea of an eternal play of indestructible energy. But with the Easterns there is the great difference: that they conceive this endless play of cosmic life not as the automatic motion of a soulless machine, but as the overflowing creative movement of an all-comprehending, all-blissful Being.

"From joy does spring all this creation, in joy is it maintained, toward joy does it progress, and into joy does it enter."

There is no youthful suicide, or middle-aged despair, among people holding that conception of the universe.

RENEGADE

ISABEL McLENNAN McMEEKIN

A sailor with a monkey,
Back from Mexico,
Passed me on the sidewalk
And I've got to go.
I'm going to the devil
(A steamer sails to-day),
I'm promised for a preacher,
But I just can't pray.

THE JUSTICE OF SUAN HLI

How He Outwitted the Crafty and Sent His Money in Safety

REGINALD CAMPBELL

SUAN HLI was old, older than memory. He was thin and bent, and his wizened features were a mass of crisscross wrinkles. How long he had lived in his store in the town of Raheng no one seemed to know, but all the Lao-Siamese inhabitants of the district agreed that he must have dwelt there for many, many years.

Suan Hli himself could have told them, but he was not communicative. His store was his little world, and his hopes centered round a pagoda he one day hoped to build in the compound of the largest Chinese temple in Bangkok, the great capital that was situated some three hundred miles down-river to the south.

That pagoda! Suan Hli, sitting behind his counter, thought of it. It would be built as an everlasting tribute to his sacred ancestors, and it would be a worthy gift to them, for would it not cost him the whole of his life's savings?

Suan Hli, seeing the hour was late, rose stiffly to his feet, closed his store for the night, then slip-slopped into a little room at the back. There, placed on shelves, were rows and rows of boxes containing dirty, well-fingered one-tical notes to the grand total of nine thousand eight hundred. It was a large amount of money to

have at the back of beyond, miles away from civilization and any possible aid of police; nevertheless he felt sure of its safety, for he had an amateur burglar-alarm system set up in his house; he had an automatic pistol at his side every night as he slept; and above all, by his long association with them, he had earned the respect of the majority of the simple-minded natives among whom he lived.

Suan Hli smiled like a little gnome, and stroked the boxes with loving hands. How they had grown in number during all these years! A tical here, a tical there, given him in return for the tinned meats, brooches, odd garments and finery that appealed to the simple souls of the district—these little contributions had gradually swelled to a mighty sum, and soon, say in four moons' time, the ten thousand tical mark would be reached, and then would he take his departure for distant Bangkok. Five days' journey through the forest would bring him to the nearest railway station, after which only a few hours' travel would lie between him and Siam's capital. Once there, he would hand the money over to his Chinese *kong see*, and that community would attend to the building of the pagoda.

And he? He would then lay down his bones and die, for he was tired; very, very tired. He was old, wracked with rheumatism, burned out with fever, and would willingly die now but for the fact that he must get those many ticals safely down to Bangkok for the sake of the pagoda.

A frown of anxiety creased the already wrinkled forehead of Suan Hli as he thought of the journey before him. Pack-bullocks would bear the boxes of wealth, and he would hire some trustworthy Kamoo coolies to form an escort; but—what of the five days' travel through the jungle before he reached the safety of the railway? Jungle vultures there were, he knew, vultures that might come and, overpowering his coolies, slay him and steal the precious ticals.

Suan Hli frowned. Should he hire boats and journey the entire way down to Bangkok by the river that ran outside his store? No, there would be more danger than ever in that enterprise, for robbers could wait for him along the banks and, moreover, the period of danger would be extended from five days to several weeks.

Suan Hli thought long; then, rising, he lit tapers before a niche in the wall, and communed with his ancestors. The incense burned. Night cloaked the land. Silence was in the store. Suan Hli was alone with the dead.



The following morning, Mong Hpo, a Burmese, tied up his boats opposite Suan Hli's store. Mong Hpo had come up from Bangkok by water, and was now on his way to the far distant forests of the north, where he would trade in teak and elephants. Being

short of provisions, and anxious to replenish his failing stock, he climbed up the bank and entered the shop. Suan Hli greeted him, and, being strangers to one another, they bowed low in many salaams before going into the Chinaman's inner room.

There tea was served, and the pair talked and drank until the sun blazed high in the sky, whereupon orders were given, and soon many were the cases of tinned foods and milk that were carried out of the store and placed in Mong Hpo's boats.

The Burmese then took his departure for the north, and as a result of his visit Suan Hli found himself the possessor of the required ten thousand ticals. So he immediately called for his head coolie and gave him certain instructions; and the coolie, pleasantly intrigued, told a friend. The friend told another friend, so that by the time evening mellowed over the world the whole village was talking. In one month from now, when the rains would have cleared sufficiently to ensure pack-bullocks easy travel, old Suan Hli was leaving Raheng, never to return.

The dusky Laos and the Siamese debated the matter with great interest, for the Chinaman had come to be looked on as a part of the town itself. One and all of them showed much concern at his going, and none more so than a certain half dozen evil featured rascals who crouched in an attap-roofed shelter at the far end of the market-place.

"Without doubt," said one, "Suan Hli must have much money, for has he not been here these many years? Then will good fortune come to us."

"But maybe he will have a coolie escort," complained another.

"Pah! Kamoo coolies he may have, but will not we be six strong men, all armed with guns? *Leukarn*, his money is ours for sure."

"Nevertheless will not all the district know of his departure?" grumbled the second speaker. "Perchance other men may conspire to get the money, even as we are doing. And these men might steal the money first."

Whereupon small, crafty Nai Deng spoke. "If we went as his protectors then all would be well, since thus would we be certain of being in his presence from the start to the finish of the journey. That being the case, we could slay him when we liked."

Ten minutes later Nai Deng was salaaming in Suan Hli's store. "Great One," he said respectfully, "I would fain speak to you on a secret matter."

"So," answered Suan Hli, and he led the new-comer into the little room at the back.

Nai Deng crouched almost double on the floor, and his shifty eyes glanced sideways at certain boxes that were placed row upon row on the shelves.

"Great One," he whispered, "it is said in the market-place that in one moon you are leaving for the railway. Now, Great One, it is also said that much money has come to you during your sojourn with us, therefore it seems to me that many evil men will be plotting for this money."

"That thought has occurred to me also," said Suan Hli gently, and his little face smiled.

"Lord and Great One, I, Nai Deng, have five friends. They are big men and to be trusted. Moreover, they have guns, every one of them, and souls that know no fear. If they could form your escort, then

would no harm come to you; though should you travel with Kamoo coolies, I very much fear for your Honor, since Kamooos are timid men."

Nai Deng paused significantly.

"Nai Deng and his friends would require a reward for this service?" Suan Hli asked the Siamese.

"They would," answered Nai Deng decidedly.

"How much?"

"Lord, we desire one hundred ticals for each of us."

"It is too much. I give only eighty."

There followed much bargaining, but eventually an agreement was reached at ninety ticals, the money to be delivered after the Chinaman's safe arrival at the railway station.

Nai Deng then rose to depart, but Suan Hli restrained him. "Though I know of no evil against thee, Nai Deng," he said smoothly, "yet have I no knowledge of good. Now I would fain have proof that thou canst be trusted."

"Lord," answered the Siamese earnestly, "if such is in your power, it would gladden my heart to have a proof whereby to earn your Honor's trust."

Suan Hli thought a while. His slanting eyes gazed vacantly into the distance as if he had forgotten his companion, and not until a full ten minutes had elapsed did he speak.

"Nai Deng, I have a coat," said he. "It is a rich coat, made of much fine cloth and woven gold. Now this coat I wish to send to my *kong see* in Bangkok, so that it may come as a present to them and as a token of my good-will before I myself arrive to join their company. If to-morrow Nai Deng would take this coat to the

railway station, deliver it to the booking-clerk, and bring back the receipt for it to me in safety, then will I trust him."

"Lord, this will I do," answered Nai Deng, "though, owing to the distance, it will be eight—nine—ten days before I get back to Raheng again."

"It matters not," the Chinaman told him, "since I, Suan Hli, will not start forth till one moon from now. So Nai Deng will go?"

"He will go."

"Then come to-morrow morning, and I will give thee the coat."

Punctually the next morning Nai Deng arrived at the Chinaman's store. He was shown into the inner room, and there on the table lay the coat, which was a rich coat, even as Suan Hli had said. The Chinaman took up the garment, rolled it into a bundle, wrapped it in brown paper, and made a neat parcel of it. The parcel he then addressed in Siamese writing to his *kong see* at Bangkok, after which he handed it, together with the postage money, to the expectant Nai Deng.

"Now go, Nai Deng, and may good luck attend thee on the journey. And see that thou dost not forget to bring back the booking-clerk's receipt."

The man vanished, and Suan Hli turned to a niche in the wall. He lighted tapers, and the pungent smell of incense wafted through the room. Suan Hli was with his ancestors again.



Nine days elapsed, and at noon on the tenth Nai Deng reappeared in the store, bringing the treasured receipt with him. The parcel was

now safely posted to Bangkok, but the journey to and from the railway had been no light undertaking. He had to cross mountainous paths, still wet and slippery from the recent rains; he had been obliged to endure heat, cold, fever and weariness for nine successive days, but at last his trial was ended and the proof of his good faith to hand.

"Thou hast done well," said Suan Hli, after carefully examining the receipt. "And now, since Suan Hli is just, here are ten extra ticals for thy services, also an agreement engaging thee and thy men as his escort to the railway station."

"And when will the Great One be pleased to start?" asked Nai Deng, as he pocketed the money.

"In two weeks from now, provided the weather favors. Meanwhile see that your guns are cleaned and ready for use if need be."

"Great One, we will see to that," said Nai Deng fervently.



Exactly a fortnight later the Chinaman moved off with his escort. His thin, frail body, wracked more than ever with pain, was balanced on a quiet old pony. Behind the pony four patient pack-bullocks trod meekly, carrying their load of square wooden boxes in baskets suspended on each side of their meager flanks. Ahead and astern of the animals there strode three stalwart guards, each heavily armed.

The party passed through the market-place of the town, where the villagers, one and all, salaamed a last good-by to the little Chinaman. Suan Hli smiled a gnome-like farewell to them, and soon their chattering faded in the distance and the tower-

ing walls of the jungle rose up in solid sheets of green to left and right of the path that led to the distant railway.

Mile after mile slid by, until, when evening came the party found itself in the very heart of the forest. Here camp was made and a shelter of bamboo fronds was prepared for Suan Hli. When the old man was at rest, the boxes were taken from off the bullocks' backs and placed all round him; fires were lighted and the evening meal of rice cooked and eaten. Then the guards squatted in a circle outside the shelter, and silence descended on the dark forest.

Suan Hli lay very still, listening to that silence. His body was sore stricken, for the unaccustomed ride had brought him added suffering; nevertheless that wistful smile still lingered on his features, for through the fronds above him he could see the stars. They were age-old, those stars, and invested with certain great truths upon which Suan Hli had pondered much. Truth, truth begat philosophy, and Suan Hli was a philosopher—wherefore in spite of the pain he smiled.

The night wore on, and presently the old man was aware of a sound outside his shelter. He withdrew his gaze from the heavens, and beheld his guards grouped round the entrance. Foremost was Nai Deng.

"Death comes to thee, O Chinaman," said Nai Deng, raising his gun.

Suan Hli stood upright and folded his hands crosswise in his loose sleeves. "Nai Deng is well skilled in the use of his gun?" he asked the murderer.

"He is well skilled," echoed Nai Deng, and fired.

The little Chinaman fell, and lay

upon his back, quite still. He was smiling as never before, as if he were happy to be free from his pain, as indeed he was.

The robbers stooped and, after examining the motionless form, sprang upon the boxes. Shouting in greedy eagerness they pried them open with their jungle-knives, then they drew back aghast. For, jammed tightly in each of the boxes, were, not tical notes, but ball upon ball of worthless packing paper.

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Some three months later a Burmese named Mong Hpo, having recently returned by rail to Bangkok after an exhaustive tour of the north, had occasion to visit a certain wealthy Chinese merchant. The pair conversed for a time on trade matters, and then—

"Ah Fong," said the Burmese to the Chinaman sitting before him, "on my visit up north I was helped greatly on one occasion by a man of your race."

"This is pleasant talk to hear," said Ah Fong politely.

"The person was one Suan Hli, who lives at Raheng," continued Mong Hpo. "Now I, Mong Hpo, had been guilty of great foolishness in that I traveled by water from Bangkok with ten notes to the value of one thousand ticals each as my only means of buying the wherewithal to live. As I said, this was great foolishness, for of what is the use of a thousand-tical note in the wilderness?"

"Of what is the use?" echoed Ah Fong gravely.

"I reach Raheng, where I see Suan Hli's store. I need provisions, also I think he may be able to change one, maybe two, of my notes. I enter that

store, and speak to Suan Hli privately. He sell me all the goods I require, and, what did please me more, he gave me one-tical notes to the total value of nine thousand eight hundred ticals. For these, together with the food I had bought, did I then give him my ten one-thousand tical notes in exchange, and thus did I benefit greatly."

Mong Hpo paused, spat betel-nut into a large lacquer bowl on the floor, then continued.

"I think Suan Hli a clever man," said he, "for he not let me take those one-tical notes in their boxes to my boats. No, instead he make me put them in empty milk-cases, for he say that if the populace see much money going out of the store, maybe evil men will hear of the matter and attack me for the sake of my wealth. This did I do, with much profit to myself, since I had my notes of small value which were easy to circulate, and yet was I safe from attack. Wherefore, O Ah Fong, Suan Hli did perform me a great service, and I would fain see him again one day."

"That," answered Ah Fong, "will Mong Hpo never do, for Suan Hli is dead."

The Burmese was distressed. He spread his hands and made sympathetic inquiries. The Chinaman explained.

"Three and a half moons ago, my *kong see* did receive a parcel," he said gravely. "The parcel was from Suan Hli, and contained a coat. Sewn in the coat were ten notes to the value of one thousand ticals each. There was also a letter from Suan Hli which explained that the money was for the building of a pagoda in our temple compound here in Bangkok. This

letter stated in addition that he was leaving Raheng shortly for the railway, but that robbers might attack him on the way. If, so he wrote, he did not arrive in Bangkok by a certain date, we were to inform the police and state, amongst other things, that a certain Nai Deng might be suspected of the murder."

"Huh," breathed the Burmese, deeply interested.

"I will end this tale," said Ah Fong, "by saying that yesterday, following a trial, Nai Deng was executed, and five other robbers were sentenced to imprisonment for life."

"Which was all exceeding just," murmured Mong Hpo, after he had digested the information.

"It was just," conceded the other. "Moreover, it was strange, for we have found out that it was Nai Deng himself who delivered the parcel to the railway clerk."

"*Meh!*" exclaimed Mong Hpo in surprise. "Then this Nai Deng not only delivered the money to safety, but also took his own death warrant."

"He did," agreed Ah Fong. "Of a truth, Nai Deng helped our good friend greatly, and I think the greatest service of all was the last he performed."

"Meaning the killing?"

"Meaning even that; for had Suan Hli wished to live, why should he have taken decoy cases through the jungle, as we now know that he did?"

Mong Hpo spat again. "Suan Hli wished to die, of that we can be sure," he told his companion. "The money was safe, and he—he was old and in great pain, and of what then is the use of life?"

"Of no use at all," said Ah Fong, and sipped his tea.

FIVE OUT OF NINE

The Futile but Forceful Dissenting Opinion

JOSEPH PERCIVAL POLLARD

WHEN, on the last day of February, 1927, the Supreme Court of the United States handed down its decision in the case of *Tyson versus Banton*, the court ran true to form. It declared invalid a law of the State of New York, designed to protect the theater-going public from the oppression of the exorbitant prices currently charged by theater-ticket brokers. The New York legislature had seen fit to say that no ticket broker should charge in excess of fifty cents in advance of the price printed on the ticket; but the ticket brokers, claiming they had been deprived of their property without due process of law, had seen fit to beseech the court to rush the fourteenth amendment of the Constitution to their rescue. The court obligingly complied, and that protective wing was spread over those whose zealous quest for gain had incurred the wrath of a helpless public—still helpless, despite the vigorous, well-reasoned, and sound dissenting opinions of four of the nine judges.

In order to understand the sad fate of this legislative attempt, it is necessary to look into the nature of the conflicting interests of State and nation, of the clashes between the Federal Constitution and the regulatory powers of the once sovereign States.

When the Constitution was adopted in 1789 as the fundamental law of the land, its framers beamed with pride at the thought that they had produced a document sufficiently broad and flexible to meet the needs of changing situations and conditions for many generations to come. Unwittingly, by their very generality of phrasing, they placed upon the shoulders of the Supreme Court the grave responsibility of settling the countless conflicts that were bound to arise from our peculiar dual system of government. For although a new central government had been formed, it had been so formed only upon the mutual guarantees of the individual States that each one of them should retain something of its original sovereignty. Thus we have had since 1789 the federal government and the separate State governments running side by side, but not always keeping to parallel paths, and not infrequently colliding.

Under the Constitution the federal government became one of expressly delegated powers, while all powers not delegated were reserved to the States. But with the Supreme Court's early pronouncement that the federal government had the implied power to make laws incidental to the carrying out of its express

powers, the federal government was enabled to encroach upon some fields of internal control which, from time immemorial, had been the peculiar province of the State government, notably the regulation of the conduct of the individual in his human relations with his fellow-man. An example of this inroad to-day is the Mann Act. The Mann Act is a federal law designed to prevent the white-slave traffic. Besides being quite generally used as a threat of blackmail in individual cases devoid of public menace, its excuse for being a federal enactment is that it derives its authority from the power over interstate commerce which the Constitution expressly gives to the federal government. Then there is that section of the federal Judicial Code which provides that any United States revenue officer indicted in the State court for any crime committed under color of his office may have his case removed to the federal court for trial. This makes it possible for a prohibition agent to shoot up the town, and then invoke the protection of his federal cohorts against the wrath of the legitimate State forces of justice.

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To enact laws in asserted pursuance of some constitutional grant is one way in which the federal government removes from the States their time-honored control over the normal rights of their citizens as human beings. Another very poignant way of effecting the same result is to negative by judicial decree various State laws as repugnant to some constitutional prohibition. I doubt very much whether the framers of the Constitution would put the stamp of

approval on federal interference with the efforts of the State legislatures to secure the welfare of their own people. The State is and should be the guardian of its citizens. Inherent in its power is its right to protect the public against criminal conduct, and its right to regulate all matters affected with a public interest. Its very business is to promote peace and quiet among its citizenry, and to look after the public health, and the public morals and safety. The State is *parens patriæ*.

Yet the State's efforts in the exercise of its prerogative have been frequently balked as being in conflict with some provision or other of the Constitution. Ever since the Civil War the docket of the Supreme Court has been crowded with cases wherein legislative enactments of the various States have been called in question and their overthrow sought—enactments which the founders of the nation never dreamed would take up the time of our highest judicial tribunal, much less be overthrown by it. The period immediately following the Civil War found the Constitution supplemented with several bright and shining amendments. The thirteenth amendment did away with involuntary servitude and made the negro a free man. But in order to make the negro free in fact as well as in name, the fourteenth amendment was adopted for the sole purpose of restraining the States from making any discrimination on account of race. That the fourteenth amendment should be restricted in its application to the protection of the new rights of the negro was voiced by the Supreme Court itself in the first case brought to its attention wherein

the new amendment was invoked—a case in which a State regulation of slaughter-houses was upheld, despite the contention that the proprietors had been deprived of property without due process of law. But so broad was the wording of the amendment—"Nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty, or property without due process of law"—that five years after the above decision the very same court extended the amendment to apply to matters that had nothing whatever to do with the negro. From that day to this the main purpose of the amendment has been lost sight of in the constant clamor about due process of law raised by every one aggrieved in a business way through some State law designed to promote the public welfare. As finally construed, the fourteenth amendment gives enormous jurisdiction to all courts regarding State legislative action. It enlarges the national powers beyond the wildest dreams of the early nationalists, to the consequent diminution of the lawmaking powers of the sovereign States.

So we have to-day the spectacle of a multitude of lawyers earnestly beseeching the learned justices at Washington to throw overboard all manner of sapient State laws, simply because their clients happen to be retarded in their quest for gain. Of course, not every State law that is challenged is overthrown. The police power of the State still survives the fourteenth amendment, but it survives it in a badly damaged condition. State regulations for the public good are scrutinized very closely to see whether they deprive a person of life, liberty or property, and many of

the laws that are finally held to be so arbitrary and unreasonable as to work such a deprivation, are invalidated only after a bitter struggle among the nine Supreme Court judges. It is difficult for some of these jurists to justify the sweeping extension of the fourteenth amendment. It is difficult for them to say that they know more about the local evils which the State legislatures sought to remedy than the State legislators know themselves. It is difficult for them to take judicial notice of conditions that they do not know exist, and to take unto themselves the task of making the local laws. And in their dissenting opinions is there much sound reasoning which the majority of the judges might well have heeded.

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One of the earliest of the modern cases of constitutional importance in connection with the clash between the fourteenth amendment and the State "police power" came up to the Supreme Court from the State of New York. A statute had been there enacted making it unlawful for bakery proprietors to require their employees to work more than sixty hours a week or more than ten hours a day. This law was certainly a reasonable measure for safeguarding the health of two classes of people, the employees and the food-consuming public. The legislature held that the bakers ought not to be driven to ill health by overwork, and that the public ought not to be injured by contaminated bread. But the overlords of the business saw their profits being pricked, and proceeded to invoke the due process clause of the Constitution. Lo and behold, the

court upheld the contention of the aggrieved proprietors, and kicked out the offending law on the ground that it was an arbitrary and unreasonable interference with the liberty of the individual freely to contract for his services.

This decision was not, however, reached by unanimous opinion. Four of the nine judges, in well reasoned opinions, vigorously defended the law as a very proper health measure. They maintained that the New York legislature knew more about conditions existing in New York bakeries than did the judges in Washington, and that if the local lawmakers saw fit to remedy existing evils in the interest of their people, there was nothing in the Constitution to prevent them. The world was thus afforded the strange spectacle of five wise and learned men telling four wise and learned men, who held views contrary to their own, that no reasonable man could say this law was a proper legislative enactment.

From Kansas came a case of equal importance to the working-man. Public opinion had given its sanction to the labor union as being an essential weapon in the struggle against proprietary oppression. To offset this it had become the practice of employers to force their men to have no connection with labor organizations under penalty of banishment from their only field of livelihood. Whereupon the Kansas legislature passed a law making it a criminal offense for any employer to require his employees to agree not to become or remain a member of any labor union during the time of his employment. Capital sprang up in arms, and hurrying to its gilded copy of the

Constitution, turned frantically to the fourteenth amendment. Satisfied that its fundamental rights of property had been invaded, it rushed its legal battalions straight to Washington, armed with all manner of verbal artillery. After prolonged consideration the Supreme Court capitulated and the day was won.

The Kansas law had been torn to bits and the fragments tossed to the wind. Again the court had been loath to deprive the individual of his right freely to contract for services, and again the court had been divided. This time there were three strong dissenting voices, each contending that a law enacted in an attempt to promote internal peace and to prevent discontent, should be upheld as a normal exercise of the State "police power" unless clearly outrageous. And clearly, under existing conditions, a workman might not unnaturally believe that only by belonging to a labor union could he secure a contract that would be fair to him. If that belief could be held by a reasonable man, then it should be enforced by law in order to establish the equality of position between the parties in which the liberty of contract begins.



Another acute angle of the labor problem was chalked on the blackboard of the Supreme Court by lawyers from the far-away frontier. On the main street of Bisbee, Arizona, there thrived a restaurant which was somewhat paradoxically called the "English Kitchen"—that is, it thrived until the cooks and waiters grew tired of their lot in life, and, with some moderate splurge of profanity, told the boss that he knew

just exactly what he could do. Nothing daunted, the boss proceeded to hire some Mexican bad men to take the place of his ungrateful helpers. Whereat the strikers went on parade before the "English Kitchen," clad mostly in large sign-boards announcing to the public that the boss was a bit unfair, that he was quite generally a bad actor, and that his food was nothing if not rotten. Some of the patrons being shooed away by this display of frankness, the boss ran, in a bristle of rage, to the nearest court-house to get an injunction against the parading strikers. Meanwhile the Arizona lawmakers had seen fit to frown upon the indiscriminate use of the injunction, and had embellished the statute books with a law that prohibited the issuing of injunctions in disputes between employers and employees, unless necessary to prevent irreparable injury to property rights. Further, these lawmakers had provided that the property rights alleged to be injured must be described with minute particularity in the petition for the injunction. There was nothing left for the boss to do but maintain that this unfriendly statute was obnoxious to his rights under the Constitution. This he promptly did, and the drama of the "English Kitchen" was carried to Washington.

By a bare majority vote the Supreme Court cut short the life of the Arizona statute and left it to be buried in the potter's field. The five prevailing judges held that the State of Arizona had deprived the boss of his property without due process of law. The four dissenting judges maintained that a man's business was a course of conduct which could

be regulated by the legislature in the exercise of their sound discretion as to what was best for the public welfare. Surely, if a reasonable man, in a position to know the local situation by virtue of being on the ground, can think there is danger of abuse in the injunction, and especially as it is applied in labor disputes, a law incorporating such views should not be declared invalid. In connection with this statute it is important to note that it is not the province of a judge to overthrow a law simply because he thinks it an unwise measure, or because he would not have passed it had he been in the Arizona legislature. A judge may think a law is somewhat absurd, yet it is his duty to allow it, unless he can clearly see that it violates fundamental principles as they have been understood by the traditions of our people and our law.

A few years ago the legislature of the State of Washington enacted a law forbidding employment agencies to receive fees from workers for whom they found positions. Several of the agencies hit by this measure called upon the fourteenth amendment to upset this law. The Supreme Court threw out the law as a violation of the constitutional guarantees of the complainants, but again only because five men are better than four. A bare majority of the judges agreed that the statute unduly restricted the liberty of the complainants to engage in business, and that it in effect destroyed their occupation as agents for workers. The dissenting judges, however, lent a more willing ear to the evils that were complained of, and that the statute in question sought to remedy. It was shown to the court

that fraud was practised on poor patrons, who were, for the most part, people of small intelligence and easily duped. It appeared to be the practice of employment agencies current in the State of Washington to charge excessive fees and to send applicants to work at unsuitable jobs such a distance away from the city that they could not afford to get back. It was also shown that there was frequent collusion between agent and employer, whereby the applicant would get work for a few days, then be discharged, and the fees split between agent and employer. Further, girls were often induced to leave their jobs for supposedly better ones, only to find themselves ushered into houses of prostitution.



The Supreme Court overthrew another law manifestly designed to prevent the perpetration of fraud on the public. This was a Nebraska statute requiring bread in certain quantities to maintain a specified weight twenty-four hours after baking. A maximum weight was prescribed as well as a minimum, and this became the focus of attack. But, as pointed out by the dissenting opinions, the fixing of a maximum weight was not arbitrary and unreasonable, for loaves of bread come in more than one standard size, and an overweight pound loaf might be palmed off rather handily as a full sized pound and a half loaf. The very purpose of the law was to protect buyers from short weights, and honest bakers from unfair competition. It is interesting to know that the total yearly output of the complaining bread manufacturers was twenty-three and a half million pounds.

In addition to the Tyson theater-ticket case, there have been three recent cases in which the fourteenth amendment has been used to carry the objectives over the turbulent stream of State regulation. Manufacturers in Pennsylvania, millionaires in Wisconsin, and transportation companies in California have all gone safely across to the other side, and may turn to scoff at the troublesome legislators whose troublesome laws have been sunk once and for all by the judgment of our highest tribunal. In the Pennsylvania case the court nullified a State law which forbade the use of shoddy in the manufacture of bedding. The Pennsylvania lawmakers thought, not unreasonably, that unsterilized shoddy might spread disease, and they knew it to be the actual practice of certain manufacturers to fill beds with shoddy from filthy floors. The majority opinion held that the law made an arbitrary classification, in view of the fact that sterilization might eliminate the danger. But the three dissenting judges knew that such a remedy was thoroughly impractical, and declared that the legislature had the right to forbid the use of the offending material in order to destroy an evil fostered on a large scale. In the Wisconsin case the court voided a State law which conclusively presumed that any gift made within six years of the death of the donor was a gift made in contemplation of death, and hence was subject to the State inheritance tax. The dissenting judges here contended that the legislature had a perfect right to take whatever steps it saw fit to do away with the prevalent and well-known custom of sidestepping

the tax, even though the restriction of the statute covered a considerable period of time. In the California case the court invalidated a State law which required private trucking companies to obtain a certificate that public necessity and convenience required their operation on the public highway—three judges dissenting. The voice of dissent was here based on the power of the law-making body to regulate highway traffic.



History and authority and precedent being the deities they are in matters legal, it is little wonder that the necessary five judges in the Tyson theater-ticket case held that the Federal Constitution gave a man a perfect right to sell his property at whatever price he chose, and that the theatrical business was not sufficiently clothed with a public interest to be subject to state regulation—no prior decision ever having said it was. It mattered not that hundreds

of thousands of people were being annually “gypped” on theater tickets, and that the New York legislature had taken steps to prevent the outrage. The prevailing judges were interested in seeing to it that suffering people were not deprived of their property in violation of their constitutional rights, our only complaint being they safeguarded the property of the wrong people.

It is, of course, a delicate matter to determine the proper balance of power in fundamental questions such as these. Posterity will doubtless witness similar conflicts with similar results, and both conflict and result beyond the vision not only of the most far-sighted of the original framers of the Constitution, but also of the makers of its fourteenth amendment. In the mean time here are two statements that deserve our thoughtful consideration: there is grave danger in pressing the fourteenth amendment too far, and there is great force in the dissenting opinion.

THE SOUTHERN MIND

Old-fashioned, but of Long and Honorable Descent

MARISTAN CHAPMAN

THE complexity of the south, its variegated background in religion, politics and economics, its widely differing topography and multiplied climates, is not to be subdued by spelling the word with a capital "S." When any one begins to settle affairs below the Mason and Dixon line by beginning with a ro-tund reference to The South, be sure that he has nothing specific to say.

The trouble with information about the southern States is that it is spread thin over the entire territory. It is popularly supposed to be "sunny," yet the rainiest district in the United States is located in the southern Appalachians. They condense every cloud that passes from the Atlantic Ocean to the Mississippi Valley, and tourists from the north who inhabit the mountain resorts are perennially outraged at the soaking they get. It is significant that they come back each year to renew their lamentations. Similarly we hear of the "sluggish south," because a percentage of poor whites have hook-worm; or the "advancing south," because some town has run up two new factories within the year.

The South (with a capital "S") is set forth as a warning or an example. Articles appear on Industrial Conditions in the South, which attempt in

a few thousand words to cover the South Carolina cotton mills, the cut-over pine region of Georgia with its enormous turpentine industry, the mountain ranges with their oil, timber and coal; the articles wander through the smoke of north Alabama's iron and steel district, on through swamps to the Mississippi cotton plantations, and back to the blue-grass country of Tennessee with its dairies. No territory of such variety may be covered in a few thousand words of comment, and pin-point pictures are bound to be misleading.

And why is it that general impressions of a casual observer are considered sound basis for opinion when the south is under discussion, while nothing short of complete statistical data are required for a similar review of the north? Dogmatic statements about the south are made very often without the ghost of a fact to substantiate them. Let there be dogmatic statements, by all means, for they are the expository framework of any faith, but let them be grounded upon something more than fleeting glimpses by a hurried visitor.

Only serene thoughts can last and controversy digs its own grave, so it is not in any spirit of defiance that

this article comments on some current aspects of the south to-day.

It has become the fashion to pretend that all "feeling" due to the Civil War has evaporated, or has been smothered in industrial amity. But, although the Civil War is sixty-four years gone, the different type of mind and the philosophy of life that made that war are still set over against each other. Dead partizanships spring to life at the merest touch, and vigorous passions and prejudices still distort interpretation and vitiate analyses. The south still labors under the inferiority complex, and modern southerners feel their fathers' blood grow hot in their veins as they repel attacks from the north with pens instead of swords. The north, on the other hand, is not so ancestor-ridden, and the new industrialist is occupied solely with to-day's problems of progress and efficiency; he has short patience with tradition and history.

And here we have one of the widest divergencies of viewpoint: the assumption that the economic, industrial type of mind is in itself superior to the esthetic. This idea has held sway because the economic is more obviously useful to material well-being; but it has led to the false argument that a step from agrarianism to manufacture is necessarily a step forward. For example, "change" and "progress" are not necessarily synonymous terms, yet they are used interchangeably by northern critics in reference to southern affairs.

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Discussions about the development and expansion of the south are all material. There is too great stress on the statistics of industry, too

much cataloguing of mines, mills and machinery. Nothing is said of the attitude, the spiritual state, of the modern south, and nobody has pointed out that while southerners continue to think parochially they cannot function nationally. Until the south changes its traditional attitude it will not attain industrial value—it is trying to drive a hitched horse.

Now industry has a vindictive life of its own. Machinery is built to increase production, and increased production involves the building of more machinery; we produce that we may consume, and we must consume in order to produce. Once set in motion the industrial modern life must be tended, or it will eat us up. The southerner cannot quite decide whether the chasing of this goose is worth the gold. He has not even made up his mind that material prosperity is the best end of human endeavor.

The southern mind is old-fashioned, but it is native and of long and honorable descent. The southerner cannot escape from it, and the northerner will be baffled so long as he ignores it. Primarily it is of the French school, with a bias toward agrarianism, congenial to the needs and temper of its society. It is parochial in outlook, but singularly simple and homogeneous. It retains the eighteenth-century cut and clings to its own form of culture, insisting that it breeds creative ideas, though it may not produce immediate and paying returns.

As long as the southern mind clings to its traditions there will be those who think of the south in terms of the Lost Cause. We do not wish

to regard ourselves, nor wish to be regarded in this combative light, but there seems no help for it. Lost Causes shrink away to nothing, but the hopes that inspired them are as vital as when first born. Time is kind to success, and its verdict inclines to the side of the biggest guns; meanwhile the vanquished have the consolation of talking with the ghosts who stood for the lost ideals, and such talk is sometimes profitable.

The southerner has the traditional type of mind. He goes on from generation to generation and carries the memory of his past with him. He is proud of the fit of his old-fashioned dress clothes and finds himself very comfortable in his old business suit. The northerner has no patience with such sentimentality. He sheds yesterdays like cast-off coats. He has used and done with yesterday and wears to-day jauntily, even flamboyantly, and keeps an eye ahead for the fashions that will be to-morrow.



But we cannot divorce the present from the past if the present and the future are to be adjusted properly. Development is continuous, not merely contiguous, and the trouble with most plans to modernize the south is that the economic doctors have tried to make a sharp break. They would raze the old south and build a new one on entirely different foundations. This is only possible on paper where the south may be dealt with in terms of acreage and resources and horse-power; it is not possible to do it in fact because of the existence of the troublesome human beings that inhabit the valuable region.

In the first place, the southern

mind is lacking in the discipline necessary to industrial coöperation. Besides being traditional the southerner is incurably idealistic. He is a poet and dreamer, and as such is hopelessly out-classed in the industrial struggle. When he is not lovingly recalling the past, he is building lavishly for the future on very insecure foundations. In his calculations he ignores stresses, strains and weight. The modern southerner who calls himself progressive plans industrial expansion far in advance of his means and materials. He is enthusiastic and forward-looking, and as practical as a school-boy dreaming himself a captain of industry. Seeing vast resources lying idle, he envisions completed factories—and, as a consequence, makes stupendous economic mistakes. It is no wonder his northern confrère who would like to lend a helping hand turns away with a gesture of hopelessness, exclaiming in irritation at such uselessness and fatuity. Sentiment, tradition and enthusiasm may have their place, but they are futile before the matter-of-factness of economics.

Not only the southern mind and temperament is at variance with its commercial needs, but its sociology. The south is predominantly rural. It is not adjusted to the complex problems of industrialism, which involves, to begin with, living together in large numbers. Even in modern southern cities and in factory towns the tendency of the population is to sprawl rather than to huddle. And the problem of mixing white and black laborers is still with us, not to mention the impossibility of getting the lowland cracker to work with the

town-fetched mill-hand, and leaving out of account the six million or so highlanders who won't work side by side with anybody. The north has a supply of labor glad to work anywhere and having in its racial background a habit of congestion.

However, it is fatally easy to discuss the evident aspects of a subject instead of going to the roots of it, especially when the roots go in so many directions as in the southern industrial plant. Discussion of the obvious so readily covers our ignorance of the obscure.

The southern States suffer from group isolation which fosters sectionalism, provincialism, self-centeredness and general suspicion, just as individual isolation makes for a morose and suspicious attitude toward other human beings. In both cases we find pride and an angry resentment to criticism.

The south, we are told, must learn to think nationally instead of sectionally. But it is a hard thing to get together such elements as the cotton-planter, the stock-raiser, the turpentine rider, the iron-founder, the swamp trapper and the upland timber-man. It is particularly difficult because through all runs a clannish sympathy as strong as their industrial bonds are weak. The southern States cling together with all the quarrelsome harmony of a family. Virginia, Tennessee and Kentucky are of one mind; their inordinate pride preventing them from letting go any of good they hold in order to make room for more modern virtues and necessities. Over against them stand South Carolina, Alabama and Mississippi, more forward-looking and readier to grasp

opportunity, though at the same time economically less able to do so than their neighbors. North Carolina, Texas and Louisiana each is a law to itself. Georgia and Florida will sink or swim together despite fraternal bickerings; and Arkansas and Oklahoma, while now numbered with the southern States are converted territories and not strictly part of the traditional south we are here discussing. The south, it seems, is not entirely solid—nor sluggish—nor sunny.

Assuming it can get together, the south will still be confronted with the task of learning the language and customs of the modern industrial world, while retaining, at the same time, its broad cultural background. Progressive industrialists recommend forsaking the background, forgetting it; but there again they reckon without that troublesome factor, the human mind.

As a consequence of this stubborn attitude, northern industrialists have come to the conclusion that the only way to bring the south up to date is to march in and take hold of it themselves. Whereupon there arises a great cry from the south that it refuses to be exploited. If it cannot furnish capital to start its own resources into life, it can at least guard those resources from the greedy north. Paternal northern capitalists, whose intentions are of the purest, are startled and disgusted; and sometimes they withdraw, taking their money with them.

Now let us look at some of the reasons for this dog-in-the-manger attitude of the south. It is, to begin with, a defense reaction against the

northerner's assumption that his presence is necessarily a blessing, and against his attitude that in bringing industry to the south he is conferring a boon out of all proportion to the reward he may reap for himself. He too often comes south with the arrogance of one bestowing charity (unasked, however obviously necessary) and of demanding thanks for his generosity. The modern industrialist is not primarily humanitarian. He must make his factories pay their way or he will, financially speaking, perish. The fact that the care of employees and consideration for their welfare furthers this end is incidental; it pays, and against protests that the Christian spirit of service that animates industry is not mercenary, we may set the fact that it requires hard-won legislation to make these principles generally operative.

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But to gather back to the subject, let us take the concrete instance of the migration of cotton mills. The mills are being moved from New England for very practical reasons, the last, and most incidental of which is the expansion of southern industry. Other reasons are a climate peculiarly suited to cotton-spinning, since it contains enough moisture in the atmosphere to obviate the necessity for mechanical supply of dampening, with consequent saving on the apparatus; and also the fact that labor may be had for less wages because living is cheaper in the south and native laborers do not yet know what may be done by collective bargaining. The mills move because the south has not yet reached the legislative labor standards of the

north. There is no law limiting women's working hours to forty-eight a week; and no law forbidding them to work all night; so a mill may be run night and day, with a consequent saving on overhead. And so it is with other industries.

No blame attaches to the manufacturer who looks sharply after his own interests, but the south objects to adjurations to be grateful to northern enterprise, as if the sole object of capital investment in the south were philanthropic. More particularly when the south's tardy legislation and old-world customs are held up to ridicule by the very people who make profitable use of them.

A further source of grievance in the south to-day is the crude unkindness of northern capitalists in tying up resources to await later development. Here is a case of dog-in-the-manger that fairly may be set against the southerner's craving to keep his property to himself even though it lie idle—for at least it is his in the first instance.

This matter of tying up resources is a widespread but little known habit of individual investors. The writer does not want to open the question of such stupendous issues as Muscle Shoals, which being more a matter of politics than of economics are of national concern. The irritating factor under consideration is the speculator who seals up the oil-fields of Tennessee, who retains for his future use the gold-mines in the same locality; who buys up tracts of land to hold in case some one else should wish to develop them; who buys mill sites and abandons them so that they become ugly

patches of neglect and waste, whence all are warned by decaying notice-boards. And, what makes all this more futile and insulting is the fact that such speculators allow the backwardness of the regions they have thus sealed up to be laid as a charge against southern sluggishness. They criticize unkempt sealed areas from drawing-room windows as their holiday trains carry them to a more tempting part of the south for their recreation. When in the course of years they do develop, they will point proudly to their work, saying how much they have done. The

southern mind does not know how to combat this sort of thing, so it frets and tries to believe that it is still "poor" and can do nothing.

It may be that the south will awake to an industrial consciousness; or it may be that tradition will prove too strong and she will absorb and make over the modern machine age until it is adapted to her needs, and made suitable to her philosophy. She has great tenacity and a startling integrity for a territory so diverse. In either case, let the north, our self-constituted guide, philosopher and octopus beware.

(Next Month: *The Mountain Man*)

FOR ANN, PAINTING DAVIS

BARBARA MADISON TUNNELL

In setting down this man who will, I fear,
Fidget a little on the model's stand,
See that you keep the colors clean and clear
And that the brush is steady in your hand.
Is it because he's straight and tall and lean
That you are daubing at the palette now,
Or do you like his mind, or have you seen
A decent modeling of throat and brow?

Is it your plan to paint him hard and cold,
Detached as lonely planets roaming space;
Or have you insight swift and brushes bold
Enough to show the secrets in his face?
Are you another Rembrandt that you can
Attempt to paint a portrait of this man?

WEST POINT'S PREDICAMENT

Why Are There More Than Two Hundred Vacancies in Its Corps of Cadets

B. C. LONG LANCE

FROM one end of the United States to the other a horde of eager students clamoring for higher education was turned away from our colleges and universities last year. Yale fixed 850 as the number of freshmen who could be admitted last fall, and deliberately selected that number from 1500 students who applied. Princeton is using similar selective methods, while Johns Hopkins and Stanford have adopted drastic measures to check a too rapid expansion. At the great State universities the enrolments have risen to such amazing numbers as to overburden even their most elaborate facilities, made in frantic efforts to meet this remarkable situation. Everywhere the demand has far outstripped the ability of our colleges to supply education.

Yet, there is one institution with an international reputation that is running on only two thirds of its actual capacity. The United States Military Academy at West Point, New York, which pays its students \$1,072 a year to be educated and guarantees them a life position, has at the moment of this writing 225 vacancies in its Corps of Cadets. Yearly it is turning out just two thirds of its graduate capacity, while the American army is so pressed for

officers that it is forced every year to hold civilian examinations to meet its demands.

At the beginning of the last term at West Point only twelve States and the District of Columbia had their quota of appointments entirely filled. The States were Maine, Connecticut, West Virginia, New Jersey, Florida, Montana, Wyoming, Nebraska, New Mexico, Arizona, Utah and Oregon. The other thirty-six States had an average of only eighty-six per cent of their quota. New York State was only eighty per cent filled; Vermont and Tennessee, seventy-five per cent, and North and South Dakota were as low as seventy per cent.

Why do these vacancies exist at West Point when our other colleges and universities are crowded to the bursting point? How can we account for the failure of West Point to utilize only a little more than two thirds of its graduating capacity?

It can safely be assumed that the average American young man who has a chance to win that distinguished designation "a West Pointer" still considers himself the most fortunate young man in his Congressional district. And why shouldn't he? West Point has perhaps the finest graduate record of any college in the country. It has a

way all its own of making men who stand the test, and there is hardly a business man in the country who would not jump at the opportunity to hire a West Point graduate should he choose to leave the army. General Custer spent three years trying to get an appointment from his Ohio Congressman, and there are thousands of young men to-day who are just as eager as was Custer. And yet we have this odd situation of 225 vacancies staring us in the face.

Since we must admit that it is no lack of public interest that is keeping West Point down, and the United States Army underofficered by West Point graduates, then we might ask, "Is the course too difficult?"

Economic factors and the methods of instruction at the Academy have an important bearing on the answer to this question. At West Point the cadet has absolutely no concern over money matters—the Government pays him liberally to accept his education; in fact, so well that he has a handy bank balance at the end of his four-year course. Consequently he is free to devote his entire attention to his studies.

For academic work, West Point classes are divided into small sections, according to the demonstrated ability of the individual students; and each of these sections is under a separate instructor. The sections at the foot of a class usually consist of six or eight of the most backward men, so that the instructor can give individual attention to the man who needs it most. In addition to this, instructors are required to give extra time—outside of the regular periods—to any cadet who asks for it. As long as a cadet is *willing* to work, his

instructors give him every possible assistance.

The best way, however, to determine whether the West Point course is too difficult, is to compare it with other college courses. And to be fair in this comparison, we must remember that West Point is a highly scientific college, preparing its men for a specific profession—war—embracing rigid instruction in engineering, artillery, aviation, horsemanship, telegraphy, tanks, musketry, drill, military tactics, interior economy, physical culture and leadership—and with this training goes an academic course comparable with the best that any college offers.

West Point was founded in 1802 as an engineering college, and though the military courses were added forty years later, it was for a half-century the only engineering school in the United States. Until the Civil War all of the engineering in this country was done by the officer graduates of West Point. The great transcontinental railways owe their beginnings to men turned out by the Academy; as do such engineering projects as the Panama Canal and Muscle Shoals, to-day.

Though West Point has long since ceased to be solely an engineering school, yet it still carries more technical subjects than appear in the average scientific college course. Therefore the comparison must be made between West Point and its nearest counterpart—an engineering college. Both courses are admittedly difficult; yet a survey of the 133 engineering schools in the United States and Canada reveals that the cadets who survive the first six months at West Point are thirteen

per cent more efficient in mastering the difficult course than are the civilian students at these engineering schools. Yet engineering courses everywhere are crowded while 225 cadetships stand vacant at West Point. Clearly the course is not too difficult. To glance through the varied list of subjects about which the West Point graduate must know something, makes me wonder how the cadet finds time to tackle all of these various branches of learning. But it must be remembered that West Point is a going concern the year round. Instead of vacation or other work during the summer months, the entire Cadet Corps moves out of doors in June and lives a very comfortable and healthful life in a tented city on the athletic field until September. In this way some of the outdoor subjects are carried on in summer almost as a matter of healthful recreation.



But we are still in the dark as to why West Point is not filled, when the War Department wants it filled and the army wants its graduate officers.

Are the West Point entrance requirements at fault? Every candidate must pass a thorough physical examination. Here the requirements diverge somewhat from those of other colleges; but it would be absurd to assume that out of our vast population we cannot each year produce four or five hundred physically qualified candidates.

The mental requirements are *below those of the average college*, where fifteen credit units are demanded for admission—the Academy requires only fourteen. The West Point can-

didate who presents a certificate showing that he has graduated with good grades from any accredited high school, is *not required to take any mental examination whatever!* In fact, under this certificate system at least ten per cent of the cadets admitted are men who would stand no chance of getting into such colleges as Yale, Dartmouth or Princeton, all of which require some form of mental examination.

The fact that *fifty per cent* of the cadets are admitted to West Point without mental examination necessitates, during the first six months, a wholesale elimination of those who are unfit or unprepared to do the required work. More men are dropped from each new class during its first half-year than throughout the rest of the four-year course. As a result of the last semiannual examinations, seventy men were dropped from the "plebe" class for failing in their studies—seventy heart-broken American young men who through no fault of their own had been admitted to West Point without having had the proper preparation. They packed their clothes and left the Academy nursing an inferiority-complex that may stay with them the rest of their lives. As any one who has instructed "plebes" at West Point can testify, the only way that these yearly unfits could be kept at the Academy would be to conduct primary classes for them.

But here is the significant fact: out of these seventy cadets who failed last February, *only seven had taken an entrance examination*. Sixty-three of them had come into the Academy on a "ticket"—a certificate. What did it cost the Government to bring

these men to the Academy at five cents a mile, and feed, clothe and pay them for six months? The exact figure is \$60,000. A prodigal waste, it seems.

How did these men get their appointments? Here is a list showing the ten sources of appointment to the Academy, and how each source stood last year as to two hundred of the present vacancies in the Cadet Corps.

U. S. M. A. Appointments Vacant—April 4, 1927

	<i>Vacant</i>	<i>Quota</i>	<i>Per Cent</i>
Senators	22 out of	192	11.4
Representatives	136 " "	870	15.6
Territories	0 " "	4	00.0
Dist. Columbia	0 " "	4	00.0
Porto Rico	0 " "	2	00.0
President	11 " "	100	11.0
Vice-President	0 " "	2	00.0
Honor Schools	4 " "	20	20.0
Army	21 " "	90	23.3
National Guard	6 " "	90	06.6
	200	1374	

From this it will be seen that the Representatives of Congress have the largest number of vacancies, and the army and the Honor Schools have the greatest percentage of vacant cadetships. That is very significant, because the three ways of getting into West Point on the "ticket" system—without examinations—are through the Congressmen, Senators and Honor Schools. Virtually all other appointments are made on the basis of competitive entrance examinations.

Another glance at the above list will now disclose the fugitive "X" that we have been looking for: the reason why West Point is running only on two thirds of its graduate capacity. It will be seen that out of 200 vacancies—now greater—which existed last year, 162 were due to the

failure of cadets appointed by Representatives, the Honor Schools and the Senators. And these failures account for more than *four fifths* of the present vacancies at West Point—as the above figures show.

To refine the point to a definite conclusion, here is what we have found:

Of all the students who enter West Point, one half go in on a "ticket"—without examination. Of seventy who were "found"—kicked out—as a result of the last semi-annual examinations, sixty-three were "ticket" men. That is, ninety per cent of those who were turned out had not taken an entrance examination. Of the *two hundred* vacancies that existed at West Point last year, *four fifths* came from the sources of appointment where certificates from "accredited schools" are accepted in lieu of an entrance examination.

No further comment is necessary to place the blame for West Point's present predicament on the—*Certificate System*. This system was created by an act of Congress in 1914, much against the wishes of the army and the West Point authorities. And here is the immediate result. In 1913, the year preceding this act, the dismissals amounted to exactly three per cent of the "plebe" class. In 1914, when the act came into effect, the dismissals jumped to ten per cent—and in three years to twenty per cent! They have remained around this figure ever since!

This Congressional act of 1914 has made it possible for an appointee to enter West Point without taking a mental examination, provided he can produce an educational certificate

showing fourteen credit units from an "accredited school." What is an "accredited school?" That is the catch. Nobody knows. There is no standardization of academic education in the United States. Each State, each school district has its own set of standards. The War Department may designate an "accredited school" this year, and the next year it may change principals and cease to be what an "accredited school" should be; yet it will go on turning out unqualified men for West Point, the Government will go on losing large sums of money annually, and the boys will go on getting a tremendous jolt when they are let out.

The War Department also designates twenty military academies in the United States as "Honor Schools," with the provision that the top-graduate at each of these schools every year is entitled to enter West Point without a mental examination. As will be seen—from the list of the sources of appointments—this system is not standing the test that it should. Out of twenty appointments it has four vacancies, which gives it the second highest percentage of failures in the list. That this system is sometimes abused is evident from an incident at West Point last summer. The mental rating of one of the Honor School cadets in the present "plebe" class was so low—even in the comparatively easy summer tests—that a number of the professors made an investigation. They found that this cadet who came as top-graduate of his particular military academy, had stood as low as fifty-third in his class. It is not necessary to say that he was sent back home.

As to this "ticket" system, I can say one thing with absolute surety: the authorities at West Point are *positively and unqualifiedly against it*. They believe that no candidate should be admitted who has not taken the same 15-credit-unit examination required by Yale, Harvard and Princeton.

If the authorities are against this system, why don't they change it? Because they can't; Congress must do that. The officers of West Point cannot even invite the attention of the country to this situation. It is against the regulations of the army for them to write or talk publicly about the policy and affairs of the Academy.

Of the hundred and more officers on duty at West Point as instructors, disciplinarians and professors, only eight are on permanent duty there. The rest, including the superintendent, are "on tour" at the Academy for hitches of four years. These eight permanent departmental heads—professors of high army rank—are kept to assure a conformity of policy. In the changing of rules, they act in an advisory capacity to the War Department, which in turn rejects or approves their recommendations and passes them on to Congress. And Congress has the final say.

It might be a pertinent question to ask: Why does not Congress do away with the "ticket" system, if West Point is against it? Because, under the "ticket" system, Congressmen may appoint whomever they please, without running the risk of having a favorite appointee turned down for having failed in his entrance examination. I have heard it charac-

terized as "a part of their pork-barrel." However that may be, it must be added that some of the Representatives take great pride in the success of their appointees, and a few of them, on their own initiative, have instituted in their districts a system of regional competitive examinations for their candidates to the Military Academy.

For the benefit of those who are not acquainted with the procedure of obtaining appointments to West Point, I might explain that each United States Senator and each Congressman is entitled to recommend two yearly appointments— young men between the ages of seventeen and twenty-two, and not less than 5 feet 4 inches in height. The selection of these candidates is entirely in the hands of the individual Congressman or Senator, as long as the appointee is a resident of the district or State involved.

The President of the United States, besides signing his approval of all recommended appointments, has the privilege of 120 appointments himself, of whom twenty are selected from the Honor Military Schools; forty from among the sons of veterans who were killed in action or died prior to July 2, 1921, of wounds or disease contracted in line of duty, and sixty from the United States and dependencies at large, mainly to provide for the sons of army officers who may want to enter West Point.

The army and National Guard appointments are made by holding preliminary examinations each year in the various military districts, for men between the ages of nineteen and twenty-two, who have spent at

least one year in the army or National Guard. The successful candidates in these preliminaries are later required to take the regular West Point entrance examinations. The poor showing of the army in the foregoing list of vacant cadetships—it had twenty-one vacancies out of a quota of ninety—is no doubt due to the fact that some of these unfortunate fellows with interrupted educations, are forced to "cram" for a year or more in order to pass the examinations, and then when they get in they have not the proper educational background to continue through the rigid course of the cadet. But those who do succeed—men with previous army experience—make good officers.

I might as well say right here that West Point takes nothing for granted in its new material. The fifty per cent of its admittances who take the entrance examinations must pass sixty-six per cent in algebra, plane geometry, English and literature, ancient, medieval, modern and United States history, and geography. And to make sure that the new cadets really know these subjects and have not passed the examinations by a mere process of "cramming," West Point races its new material completely through these subjects during the first four months of school. Here is where all of the "ticket" men who fail, are "found" and let out. They are not "found" in the subjects that West Point introduces to them, but in the subjects they are *supposed to have mastered* before coming to the Academy. Hence the poor showing of certificate men. A man who has to take the examinations will spend

months brushing up on those subjects; whereas, a man who is to enter on a "ticket" will naturally leave well enough alone until he gets to the "Point," then suddenly he finds himself being rushed through subjects he has not even thought about since leaving his previous school. Mathematics—geometry and algebra—is the subject that gets them.



The more experienced officials at West Point agree that the ideal type for West Point is the college man—the man with two or more years of college training. At this moment forty-four per cent of the cadets at West Point are college men, many of them graduates with degrees. And the records of these men at the Academy more than bear out the officers' contention.

And this brings us to the crux of the situation: The whole trouble at West Point pivots around the fact that they are not getting the *right kind of men to work on*. Once it has labored six months in clearing out the inferior material which is handed it yearly, the Academy runs along smoothly, one hundred per cent efficient. But when every year seventy or eighty men are dropped of each "plebe" class, the graduating strength of that class is irreparably reduced by that number, while Yale and Harvard go on turning out capacity classes because they picked the right men in the first place.

What West Point wants is not mere "book-worms," but purposeful young men who *must* have good physiques and normal faculties; men of the college-going type who would have made good in business had they not gone to the Military Academy—

for, what West Point develops is *leadership*.

West Point is not only failing to get, in many instances, the right kind of men, but it is yearly losing from the army a good percentage of its best men as soon as they are graduated—or shortly afterward.

When a man enters West Point he takes an oath to serve eight years in the United States Army—four at West Point and four in the army itself after graduation, "*unless sooner discharged by competent authority*." This in effect means that he can get his discharge upon graduation if he wants it.

I shall take my own class as an example—class '20, with which I should have been graduated had I not gone overseas. From this class of 227 graduates, seventy-seven are now back in civilian life, in the first eight years of commissioned service. That is more than thirty-four per cent of the entire class of 1920. And yet the United States Army is forced to hold civilian examinations yearly in order to fill its officer demands.

Why did these seventy-seven men—many of them of high rating—leave the army to go into business? And why is West Point not attracting more of the type of young man that it wants and needs? The reason is this, according to army officers:

The life after graduation is not made attractive enough financially to draw and hold the more progressive type of young college man in this highly commercial age in which we live. No one enters West Point or the army with the idea of making money, but every one to-day wants to live decently. Two of my classmates who are now first lieutenants

in the army have told me that they are not married because they have not been able to save enough money to get married on. Another, who married three years ago, told me that during these first three years he had to spend nearly three thousand dollars more than he has earned in the army—and he hasn't made any permanent investments. But let the figures speak for themselves.

ARMY OFFICERS' PAY			
<i>2nd Lieut.</i>	<i>Base Pay Per Month</i>	<i>Ration</i>	<i>Total Per Month</i>
1st 3 yrs.	\$125	\$18	\$143.
Next 2 yrs.	131.25	18	149.25
Over 5 yrs.	175	18 (Single) 36 (Married)	193. 211.

According to research made by Princeton University, the average wage of her graduates at the end of the first decade is \$5,800. My married classmates after their ninth year of service as officers in the United States Army are earning just \$2,760 a year. If they are living at an army post they are allowed \$60 a month for quarters, light and heat—making a total of \$3,480 a year; or \$2,320 less than the average Princeton graduate.

Army officers' pay has increased just ten per cent in the last ten years, while the cost of living has increased fifty per cent, with a commensurate raise in the wages of civilian employees.

At West Point the cadet is taught to cultivate the highest social instincts and to acquire the very best tastes in the standard of living, yet when he is graduated he is not paid as much as an elevator boy in a New York office building. He has social obligations; he is accepted everywhere, both here and abroad,

and he must stay at good hotels wherever he goes—on \$143 a month!

Before being admitted to Sandhurst—the English West Point—a man must be financially independent, simply for social reasons. But people of this country would never stand for an army officered solely by its moneyed aristocrats. In fact, the overwhelming bulk of West Point candidates since it became a Military Academy, has come from the farming class. Or to be exact with official figures, since 1842 the sons of only six capitalists have been candidates at West Point, while there have been 2199 candidates whose fathers were farmers—young men who had to make their own way after leaving the farm and receiving their education. Shouldn't we give these finest men of America a decent living? They can't protest; they are in the army with their hands and tongues tied by the necessary rules of discipline; their only recourse is to get out if they are not satisfied—or get kicked out for kicking.

Some may bring up the point that an army officer is retired at the age of sixty-four with retirement pay. That distant hope will certainly not bring any high grade cadets to the Academy, any more than it will cause those who quit the army to stay there. Youngsters are not built to look that far ahead. And, after all, we are dealing with the definite, practical and current problem of West Point; not with a problem of old age. You might as well bring up free hospital service as an inducement to get the right men into West Point and to keep them in the army.

Let us not evade the point; let us look the thing squarely in the face and give the West Point graduate what is coming to him in common human fairness: a decent living wage—he has gone through four years of Spartan life at the Academy, and he is not hard to please.

I have talked all this over with the highest officers of the United States Army, and they agree that the pay of the lower officers especially—the first and second lieutenants—is ridiculous, and that it should be increased by Congress. They hold that if the life immediately after graduation were made more attractive, West Point would get the men and the type of men it needs.

Let no one get the impression from what I have said that West Point has lost its romantic lure for the young men of America. It has not. This year 1028 candidates sent in their certificates for entrance and only 388 were accepted. Thus the Academy began this year's term—June 1928—with 208 vacancies, which will have been increased to nearly 300 by the time the first semi-annual examinations are over in February. No, the lure is eminently there; but a proper selection can never be made until the "ticket" system is done away with by Congress and army life is made more comfortable financially.

Every one naturally expects that a West Point graduate will make a good army officer; so it means nothing to the average person if I mention such historic names as Generals John J. Pershing, George A. Custer, Philip Sheridan, Robert E. Lee, Hugh L. Scott, Nelson A. Miles, and

a score of others whose life-histories taken together make up a large part of the history of the United States. But, in a closing paragraph, let us see what West Point has contributed to the civilian life of this nation.

Among its 8486 graduates, West Point has educated and turned back into civilian life: One President of the United States (U. S. Grant), one President of the Confederate States (Jefferson Davis), three Presidential candidates, two Vice-Presidential candidates, four members of the United States Cabinet, fifteen ambassadors, twenty-six members of the United States Congress, nineteen governors, ninety members of State legislatures, nineteen mayors of cities, fifty-three university presidents, twenty-one judges, twenty-one bank presidents, forty-two editors, thirteen publishers, 242 authors, 123 presidents of railroads and corporations, 110 manufacturers, seventeen consuls-general, five geologists, fourteen inventors, 178 professors, 310 engineers, one bishop, twenty-one clergymen and several hundred other business, political and professional men equally important.

In the words of the late ex-President Roosevelt, "No other educational institution in the land has contributed so many names as West Point has contributed to the honor roll of the nation's greatest citizens."

I hold that both the army and the nation need more men of the sterling caliber that West Point graduates. How long are we going to allow an *inefficient appointment system* and an *elevator boy's salary* to stand between West Point and the men that it needs?

WHEN THE READER WRITES

My dear Editor,

Don Seitz cost me four bits yesterday, but it was worth it. "The Ass and the Elephant" is the best piece of political writing that I have had the pleasure of reading for many a day, and it seems to put in most enlightening fashion the ebbs and flows of American politics for nearly 150 years.

Sincerely yours,

R. S. KELLOGG

New York City.

My dear Editor,

I much enjoyed "The Ass and the Elephant" in the November CENTURY as I do anything Mr. Don C. Seitz has lately written. However, this article fairly begins with two common misstatements which are bad enough in the "Hurry up" of every day newspaper work, but which in an article deliberately written for magazine perusal are well nigh unpardonable. Thus:

"... a federal republic, not *the* democracy it pretends to be."

No thinker worthy of your attention ever made any such pretension. Also thus:

"... it has befallen that the vote of one man in this court can and often does govern the United States in great vitalities."

For the sake of a brilliant reputation and to save something of that regard held for Mr. Seitz as a public writer, not to mention the cause of truth, "can" this stupid observation and then throw the can away! He is indeed, as the magazine says, "the Grand Old Man of the American press," and being an old man not grand myself, I appeal to him to adhere to what Tennyson called "precision of statement."

Very respectfully,

CHARLES E. CLAYPOOL

Seattle, Washington.

My dear Editor,

I have read with great sympathetic interest, Arthur Hobson Quinn's article "What's Right With the Colleges."

I find myself in entire accord with the position that he takes in regard to college education of to-day.

Our University Club with its 3500 members is not a group of specialists, but a number of men speaking the same language and with a common

heritage, and I hope that members of the Club in the next generation will have these human contacts that obtain to-day.

Yours very sincerely,

ROBERT C. HILL

New York City.

My dear Editor,

Swami Shivananda, the President of the Ramakrishna Mission of India, and brother-disciple of Swami Vivekananda, wants to express his deep appreciation of the article "A Modern in Search of Truth" by S. T. The Swami is happy to find that S. T. has got such a thorough knowledge and true understanding of the Hindu philosophy. And it is indeed remarkable to find that a Westerner could represent the Eastern viewpoint so correctly.

The article is doubly interesting inasmuch as the writer was a guest in our monasteries in India.

Yours sincerely,

SWAMI PRABHAVANANDA

Portland, Oregon.

My dear Editor,

I am taking the liberty of writing you a line to thank you for the article in the September CENTURY entitled, "England on the Bias" by Berton Braley. I have been wishing for some time that I had the ability to do what the author has done. It is a very fair and accurate estimate of the situation and I wish to thank him so much for putting it into words in a way in which it will reach a large majority; for as Walter H. Page said, so aptly, the mission of the magazine is for just such purposes as this.

I am an appreciative American girl,

KATE CHEESMAN

London, England.

My dear Editor,

I am so pleased with the farm paper by Lewis F. Carr entitled "Let Us Confess Our Errors" which I have just read. It is not often that we get matter in the magazines in defense of the one industry upon which all others depend in the last analysis.

Accept my congratulations on this most excellent article.

Yours very truly,

FRANK A. ELLS

Charlotte, Michigan.